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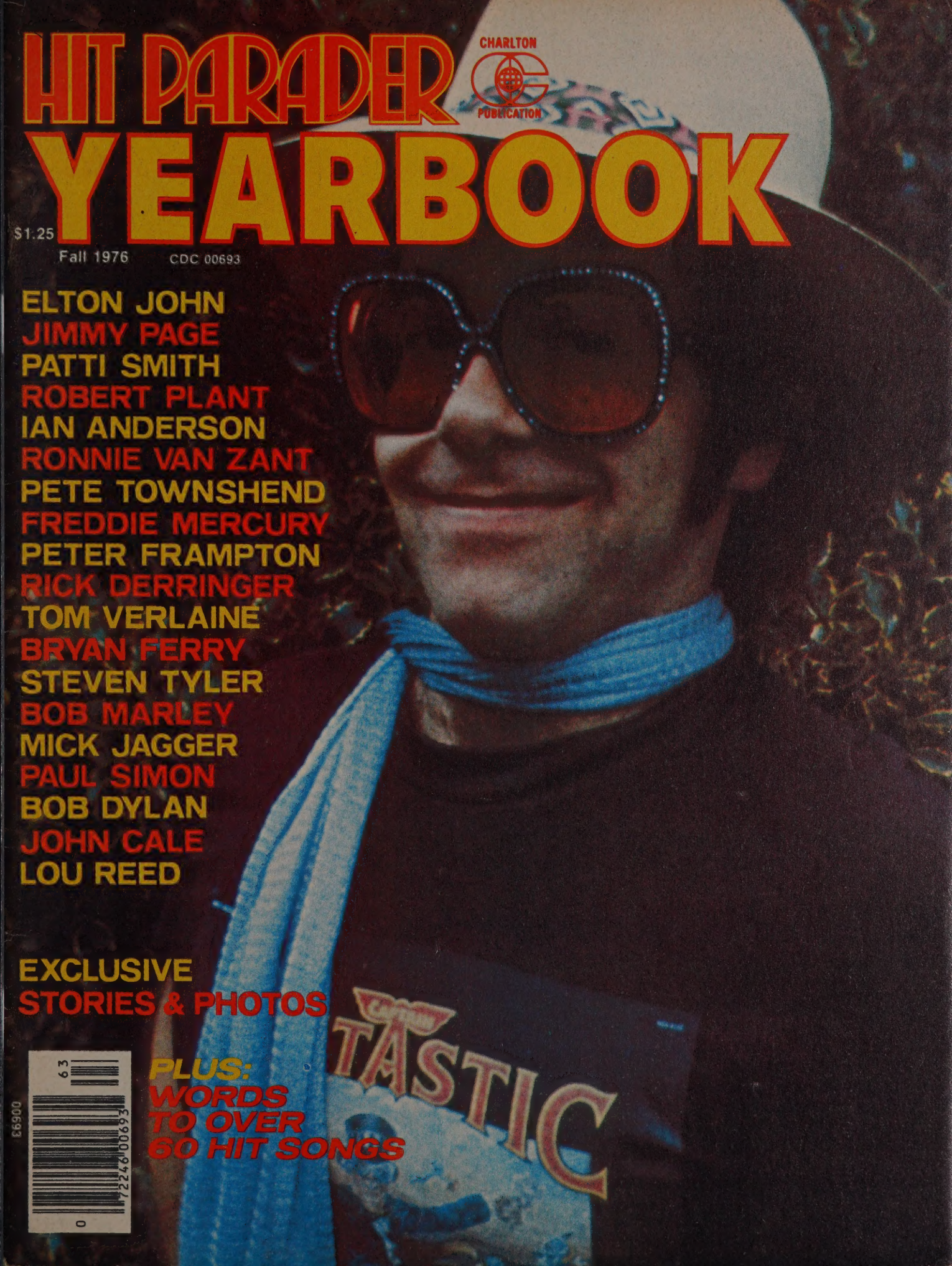

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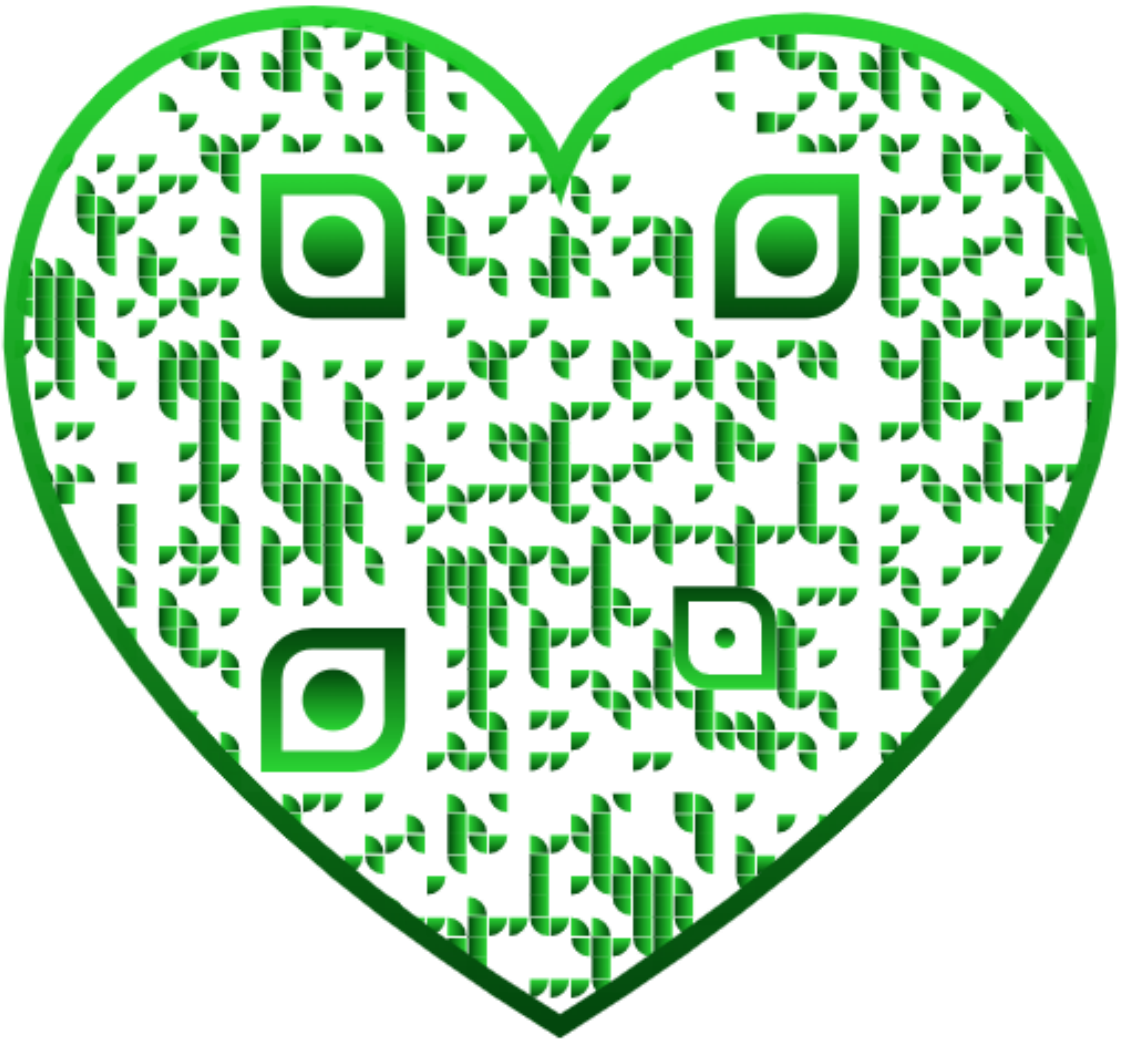

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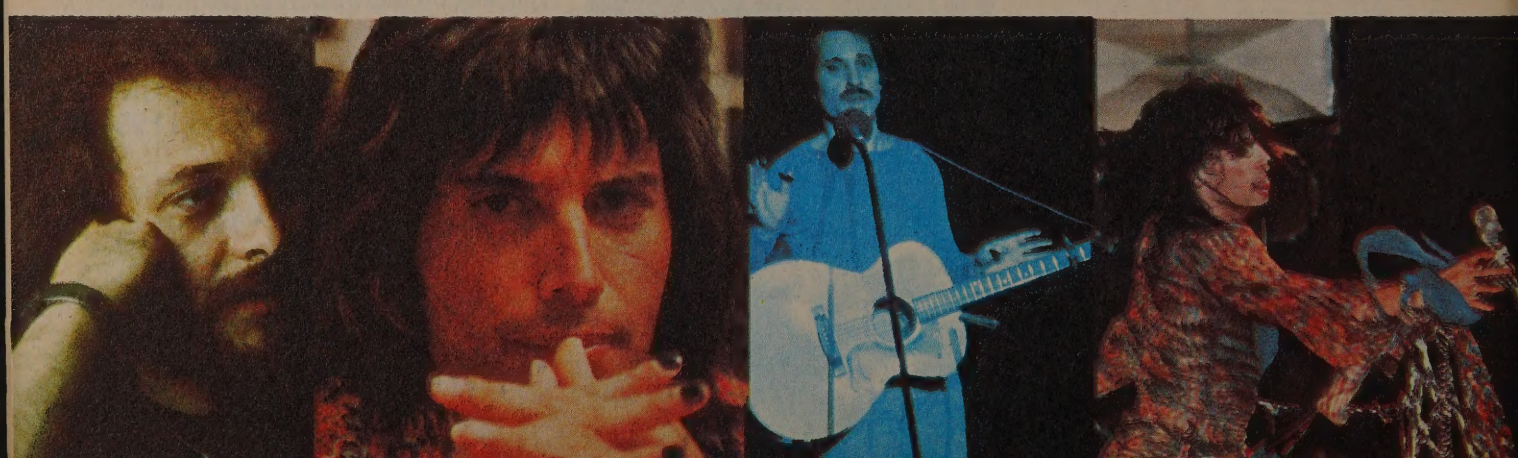

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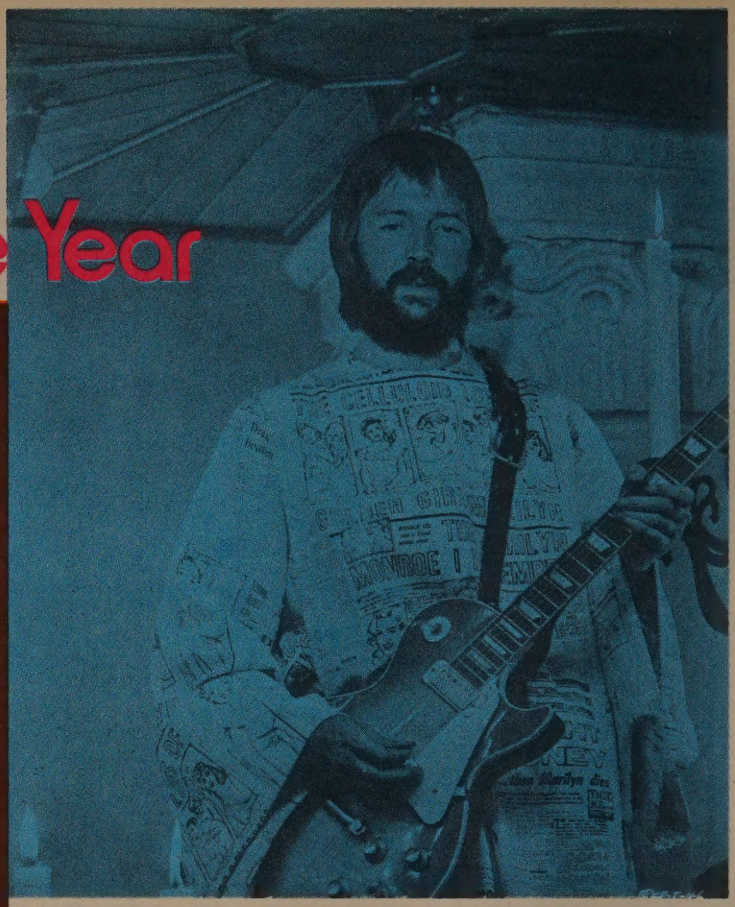
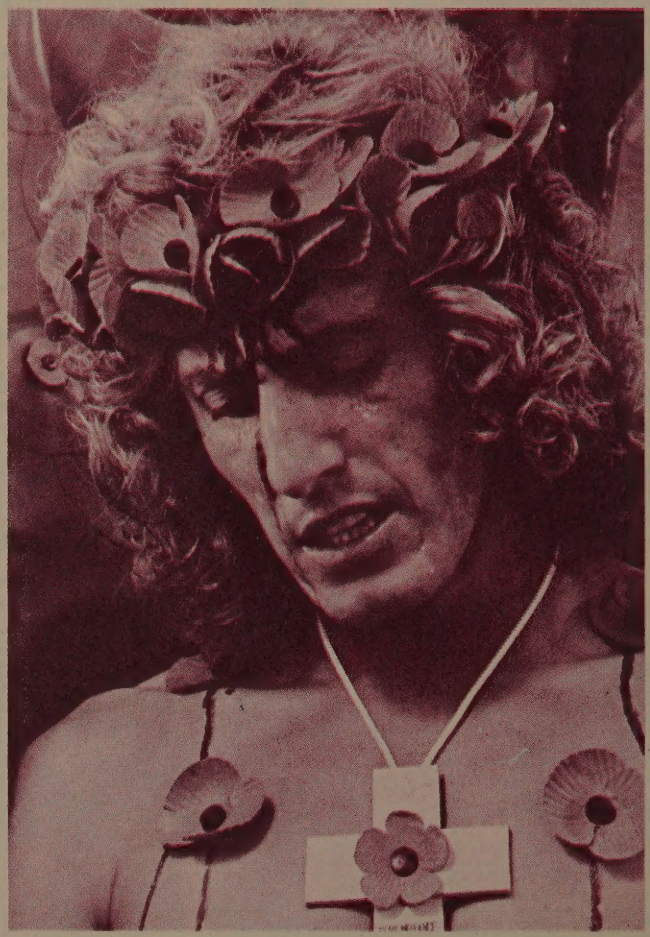
With Peter Townshend's rock opera as the starting point, Russell took rock stars and put them in the movies.



Eric Clapton, Tina Turner, Elton John and others joined with the members of the Who in the color spectacular.

Of course the film created many "images" in people's minds - most notably Elton John as the Pinball Wizard.



Director Ken Russell created a film that captured rock music and rock fantasy.

(continued on page 72)

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KATE SMITH - ANL1-1135 SPECIAL $2.98
When The Moon Comes Over The Mountain; That's Life; Born Free; The Impossible Dream (The Quest); Climb Ev'ry Mountain; I Left My Heart In San Francisco; You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You; Medley; Somebody Else Is Taking My Place; That Old Feeling; There Goes Tat Song Again; Theme From "The Sand Pebbles" (And We Were Lovers); How Great Thou Art; God Bless America.

KAY STAR - SM 11323 - SPECIAL $2.98
Bonaparte's Retreat; Crazy; Side By Side; Oh, Lonesome Me; The Man Upstairs; Wheel Of Fortune; Never Dreamed I Could Love Someone New; Make The World Go Away; Angry; Just For A Thrill.

KAY STARR - SM 1795 SPECIAL $2.98
Pins And Needles (In My Heart); Crazy; Four Walls; My Last Date (With You); Blues Stay Away From Me; Walk On By; Oh, Lonesome Me; I Can't Help It (If I'm Still In Love With You); I Really Don't Want To Know; Singing The Blues; Don't Worry.

HANK THOMPSON - SM 1878 SPECIAL $2.98
Humpty Dumpty Heart; Squawn Along The Yukon; Wild Side Of Life; Six Pack To Go; Oklahoma Hills; Waiting In The Lobby Of Your Heart; Wake Up Irene; Hangover Tavern; Rub-A-Dub-Dub; Whoa Sailor; Blackboard Of My Heart; New Green Light.

MERLE TRAVIS - SM 2662 - SPECIAL $2.98
Sweet Temptation; Sixteen Tons; Follow Thru; John Henry; Three Times Seven; Fat Girl; I'm A Natural Born Gamblin' Man; Dark As A Dungeon; I'm Sick And Tired Of You Little Darlin'; Nine Pound Hammer; Steel Guitar Rag; I Am A Pilgrim.

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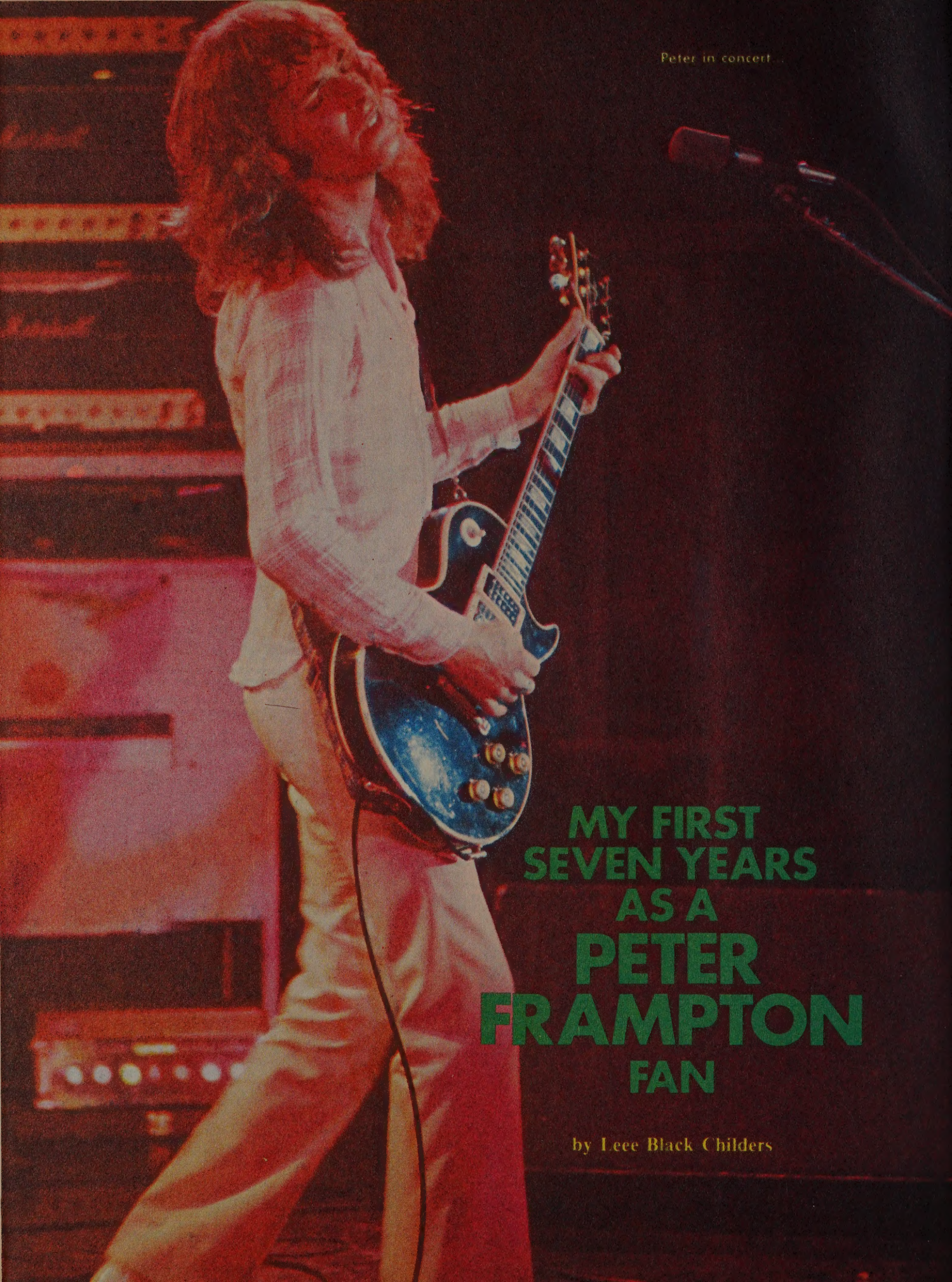
MAC WISEMAN - ANL1-1208 - SPECIAL $2.98
Eight More Miles To Louisville; Keep On The Sunny Side; It Rains Just The Same In Missouri; Mama, Put My Little Shoes Away; City Of New Orleans; Will The Circle Be Unbroken; Sunny Side Of The Mountain; A Tragic Romance; Catfish John; Let's Go Down To The River.



Peter in concert

MY FIRST SEVEN YEARS AS A PETER FRAMPTON FAN

by Leee Black Childers

Lee Black Childers

LYON STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, SUMMER, 1968: I was lying in the room I shared with seven other people staring aimlessly out the window at the cat sleeping rather precariously on our fourth story window sill. Those of my roommates who weren't panhandling up on Haight Street were occupying themselves reading magazines or drawing peace signs on the walls. There was a Grateful Dead concert in Golden Gate Park that afternoon, but I wasn't planning to go — neither were the Dead, they rarely made it to their free concerts anymore. Leaning in her favorite corner was our little rebel, a very young girl with long streaky blonde hair who answered to the name Pattie Pooh. She loved British musicians and would probably have been a groupie if she had known how. (They hadn't become fashionable yet.) She bragged that Mark Lindsay once pulled off her sweater. She was reading *Disc,* the ever-popular English fan magazine, sighing at the pretty English faces. Scott Walker was still around then and Stevie Winwood was just beginning to get "too heavy" to sigh over and Keith Relf was still bleaching his hair. Suddenly her eyes widened and a sigh of pure love escaped her lips.

"Which one is it this time?" lasked.

"Oh, he's kind of new. You wouldn't know about him yet. He's only seventeen."

"He's too old for you — you're only sixteen. Stick with guys your own age. Whats his name?"

"Peter Frampton. He's in the Herd and he's blonde and gorgeous and Penny Valentine says he's the Face of '68."

Penny Valentine was pretty much the voice of British pop music in those days, so such an accolade really meant something. I got up to look at his picture.

"He sure is gorgeous," I said. "What's he do?"

Pattie looked puzzled. "Oh, I don't know. Plays guitar or sings or something, I guess."

THE LOWER EAST SIDE, NEW YORK, 1970: I was pasting pictures of fashion models and rock stars on our bathroom wall. One of my roommates, Jackie Curtis, was shaving her chest. Another roommate, Holly Woodlawn, was waxing her legs. Wayne County, yet another roommate, was sitting at the kitchen table reading rock papers. All my other roommates thought he was crazy because he wanted to be a rock singer instead of an underground superstar.

"Are you through with any of those papers yet?" I called. "I want to cut them up and paste them on the wall."

"Put some humpy number right opposite the toilet," Holly suggested. "So I can daydream while I'm using the john."

Wayne produced a recent copy of *Disc* exclaiming, "Here are *four* humpy numbers!" as he pointed to the cover.

"Wooee, who are they" gasped Holly.

"Humble Pie. They're a super-group. They've got Steve Marriott from the Small Faces, Peter Frampton from the Herd..."

My ears perked up. "Peter Frampton? I remember that name. Let me see his picture."

Wayne was astonished. "You? What do you know about British rock? You were a hippie out in San Francisco."

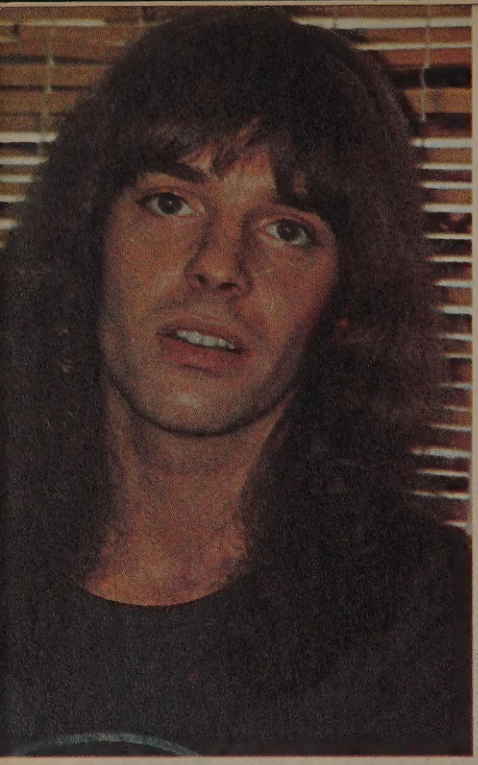
I took the paper. Yep, that was him — even two years older that face hadn't changed. "I saw his picture a couple of years ago," I smiled, "when he was the Face of '68. But I don't know anything about him. What's he do?"

"What's he do?!!!" Wayne screamed. "He's a fabulous, fantasia guitarist. That's why it's a *super-group!*"

Jackie looked up from the sink. "Super-group, *super*-group," she cried in exasperation. "Ever since I became a superstar, everyone's trying to copy me!"

HYDE PARK, LONDON, 1971: Cherry Vanilla and I were strolling in the sun on our way to a free Grand Funk Railroad concert to be given in the park that afternoon. Humble Pie were the support band. I asked Cherry if she had ever heard of Peter Frampton.

"Peter Frampton? Oh my dear, he's gorgeous. I met him when they were on tour in New York, but I didn't go home with him or anything. My friend Nancy, remember her?, who you met at the Flamin' Groovies party — well, she's in love with him. Only she says that he's only interested in his music and he hates all that stuff about him being so beautiful



Leee Black Childers

and wishes that people would appreciate him for his musical ability. He's really good, too, his music's great, but boy would I like to get my hands on that body!"

Cherry and I were in London to appear in Andy Warhol's *Pork,* a play directed by Anthony J. Ingrassia at the Roundhouse Theatre. Cherry had the title role. But, instead of spending her free time studying her lines, Cherry and I were going to every rock concert we could squeeze in. Everyone in London thought we were correspondents for *Circus* magazine — Cherry was the writer and I was the photographer. Dressing rooms at rock emporiums all around London reverberated with her hearty "Hi, I'm Cherry Vanilla from New York." as I madly clicked pictures.

For this show, Cherry and I had of course secured passes for the restricted fenced off area around the bandstand, so we breezed past the guards at the gate to the thrilling inner sanctum buzzing with stars and members of the legitimate press. Cherry was more interested in getting her own name in print than writing anything else (as usual), so she flitted from one reporter to the next chattering about *Pork* and popping a tit every now and then when it seemed advantageous.

Truthfully, I can't remember if there were any other bands on before Humble Pie. If there were, I didn't photograph them. But when Humble Pie came on I rushed to the area in front of the stage and clicked my camera wildly. There he was, Peter Frampton, the face I had stared at across from me on my bathroom wall on the Lower East Side. Although I photographed the whole band, I must admit that most of the pictures were of Peter. (I even got so carried away that when Grand Funk Railroad came on, I discovered that I only had one roll of film left to use on them.) Humble Pie were fantastic, and as far as I could see, if Peter Frampton wanted people to appreciate his guitar artistry, he should have no problem — it was amazing and I was impressed.

When their set ended to the wild cheering of the crowd, Cherry grabbed me and we hurried back to the trailers which were set up as dressing rooms of the stars. When we got to the door of Peter's trailer, Cherry announced that she was an old friend of Peter's from New York and could we see him please. He appeared at the door shortly.

Cherry: Hi. I'm Cherry Vanilla. Remember me? I met you in New York with my friend Nancy when you were on tour. I'm over here now to be in a play at the Roundhouse in Chalk Farm. Andy Warhol's *Pork*. I'm Pork. We open the first week of August. Are you gonna be in town then? You've gotta come see us. It's a real far out show. I play this underground superstar called Amanda Pork who shoots speed all the time only we can't call it speed so we call it Vita - Meta - Vegemen, or something like that, I can never pronounce it right. Tony Ingrassia, that's our director, gets so mad at me. Wayne County plays this mad drag queen called Vulva and all he does is sit around talking about shit, all different kinds — you know, dog shit, cow shit, hard shit, soft shit, monkey shit.

Peter: Oh...

Cherry: Yeah. It's really far out. We'll probably get in trouble and get raided and all spend a night in jail and get closed down and deported, so you better come see us as soon as it opens. Geri Miller who's in the play, too, already got arrested once for popping a tit for a photographer in front of the Queen Mother's house. This is Leee, he's our stage manager.

My Camera: Click.

Peter: Hi.

Cherry: I'm also doing stories for *Circus* magazine about the London rock scene and Leee is my photographer. You were really great.

Peter: Thanks.

Just then the introductory music for Grand Funk (the theme from *2001*) began to blast from the speakers. We excused ourselves and Peter retired to the safety of his trailer. I had finally met him.

As we headed for the front of the stage, Via Valentina, another of our *Pork* stars, climbed the fence to join us in the enclosure.

Via: Who was that really *cute* boy you were just talking to.

Me: Oh, that's Peter Frampton. He's a really *great* guitarist.

THE UPPER WEST SIDE, NEW YORK, 1975: Roseann Chatterton, an old friend from RSO records, had come over to visit me and Wayne, my only remaining roommate. When she asked me what I was up to lately, I replied that I was set to interview Peter Frampton the next day. Her reaction was predictable.

"Oh, Peter Frampton," she sighed. "He's so sexy."

"Yeah, I know," I said, "he's a true beauty."

"Oh, I don't just mean the way he looks," she replied. I mean the way he sounds. I just love listening to his albums. His music just comes across so sexy. I cant really explain it, but he just *sounds* sexy. That's a whole lot better than just looking sexy — practically anybody can do that."

MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, THE NEXT DAY, 1975: By the time my late afternoon interview rolled around, Peter had already done several others with a variety of journalists and Deejays. Still, when I was ushered into the rather barren conference room to meet him he seemed fresh, alert, and genuinely pleased to see me. Peter Frampton is a professional. Being professional involves more than being able to sustain a guitar solo or putting together an entertaining show and touring with it for two months of one - night - stands around the country in mid-winter. It also involves being able to sit in the same dull room for two days meeting an endless stream of reporters, many of whom have never seen you perform and are hardly aware of who you are or what you do, and answering the same questions over and over and over and over.

As you can see if you have read this far, I had been aware of and interested in the life and career of Peter Frampton for many years. In this, my first interview with him, I hoped to fill in some of the gaps in my knowledge of him. But as anyone who grew up reading movie magazines knows, the public's main interests in the lives of the stars center around sex, drugs, and money. Maybe Hedda Hopper would have started right off with sex, but being a bit more timid, I opted for money. In the time since I had first seen Peter's picture in *Disc* I had gone from utter starvation to disgusting gluttony and back again. Was I correct in assuming that he had rather more serenely been rolling in dough for that whole period of time? Hardly. He *did* live the life of luxury for a little over two years (his time with Humble Pie) and even managed to amass enough loot in one lump to buy a large house in England and an Astin-Martin. Although he still owns both of them, he now rents a house in upstate New York and drives a V-W Carmen Ghia. (The A-M is in the hospital in the U.K.) During his early years with the Herd, he got a good deal less money than he was due, owing to his youth. Being a minor (under 21) his finances were handled by a series of majors (over 21) who kept their shares and maybe a little more, too, since he was just a kid and didn't need so much money and probably wouldn't know the difference anyway. And Peter says, "there was always a discrepancy of a large sum of money at the end of the week." He has since grown up and as his newest album (aptly titled *Peter Frampton)* soars up the charts he can look forward to great amounts of money pouring his way after he pays his living expenses, promotional expenses, travel expenses, rent, agent, manager, and taxes. Oh well, if you want to get rich, marry Susan Ford.

Peter now lives in a lovely stone house in the country — far enough from civilization that you can actually count on seeing deer roaming along the half-mile-long driveway in the evenings. He lives there with his steady lady, Penny. They are thinking of getting a large English Sheepdog to keep them company. His main reason for moving to the States was not to avoid the over-burdening taxes that have recently been instituted in his native England thus driving many rock stars into tax exile here in the U.S. He prefers the States because music is so abundant here. For example, Miss Aretha Franklin is appearing some fifteen minutes drive from his house at the Westchester Music Fair.

It was at about this point that I realized something very distinctive about his accent. As I was growing up in Kentucky I thought all Englishmen sounded like Arthur Treacher, but as I heard more and more of them through the years starting with the Beatles' luvable Liverpool accent, I began to recognize the various local inflections. Peter's accent seemed very familiar — suddenly it dawned on me — David Bowie! When I advanced this observation, Peter wasn't the least bit surprised.

"I'm probably two miles from where he originated from," he informed me. "I went to the same school. My father taught David. Art. I went to the same school that my father taught at for a year ... Bromley Technical High School."

Wow! I felt like Dorothy Kilgallen. What an ace bit of detective work. I had actually recognized his accent and thereby happened upon a neat bit of rock history. Further questioning resulted in more information. Although David is somewhat older than Peter, they had been friends and used to meet on the art block stairs during lunch periods to sit together and play Buddy Holly tunes on their guitars. Also present at these jam sessions was George Underwood, later to distinguish himself as a superb artist, producing many paintings for David as well as such album covers as the *Gentle Giant* one of a couple of years ago. (An interesting rock fact: The beautiful blonde on the cover of the latest Cockney Rebel album is George's stunning wife, Birget.) (Another interesting rock fact: While still young children George and David got into a fight over a girl and, brandishing a stick, George inflicted the wound resulting in David's very distinctive eye difference. If you haven't noticed, his eyes are not only different colors, but the pupil of one stays permanently dilated.)

At the end of Peter's year at art school his father produced the end of term concert. Peter appeared in the show in the choir and as accompanist for the school's lost property lady who did a comedy routine. The show featured George's band, George and the Dragons, with David on sax. Peter was the support act with his band called the Little Ravens. He was twelve years old at this time. See, kids, don't take those talent nights at school so lightly. That funny little kid singing "What Kind Of Fool Am I?" could go on to become the next Alice Cooper.

Lee Black Childers

Peter Frampton at Electric Lady doing new album.

Peter decided to leave that school after his first year because, as you can imagine, it's no picnic to go to the same school where your father is an instructor. He transferred to another school and began preparation to eventually enter music college. A few years later during Summer break Andrew Bown asked him to play rhythm guitar with his new group, the Herd. When it came time to enter music college that Fall, Peter was hopelessly involved in rock and roll.

What would have happened if he hadn't joined the Herd? Well, if he had made it through music college after many years of study he would have been a "real musician" complete with all the little "dots and squiggles" on blank sheet music. He's glad he found rock and roll, or vice versa, since he has learned through experience all the music theory he needs to know for the music he wants to write and perform. "I know how to arrange — give me three months with my bible..." he says. His what? "My arranger's bible which I've had for years — and I could arrange a brass section, a string section. It's this big book you can buy — I forget who wrote it — it's just called *Orchestration*. It goes through every instrument of the orchestra and tells you its range..." Apparently, with this book, some experience, and a lot of work any musician can arrive at an arrangement for the songs he has written. Neat little book, huh?

The Herd really got rolling by the time he was sixteen — now he's 25. That's nearly nine years. Peter remarks: "I woke up when I was 25 and thought, hmmm, a quarter of a century — I suppose you automatically think that — but age doesn't really bother me. I'm glad I'm 25. There was a period when I thought I'd like to be eighteen all my life, but now I'm enjoying being this age. Not *so* many people ask me for ID anymore, but a lot of people do."

It has likewise been quite a while since he was the Face of '68. What did he think of that? Does he get tired of constantly hearing about it? Answer: "I've thought about that. Why should I feel tired of that? I used to for a long time. But why should I think that, when it's one of the reasons I'm sitting here today. It was once a problem. I tried to get away from it. I grew a beard. I did everything opposite. I was scruffy. But now I realize that I'm just about to make it for the third time and I'm going to *stay* there this time, and I'm going to use everything I can to stay there. And I'm going to flaunt it!" Well, he certainly has the ammunition. These nine years of hard work have seen the development of a superb talent, combined with a magnificent presence and style as well as what could just as easily be the Face of '75 as '68. Well done, Peter.

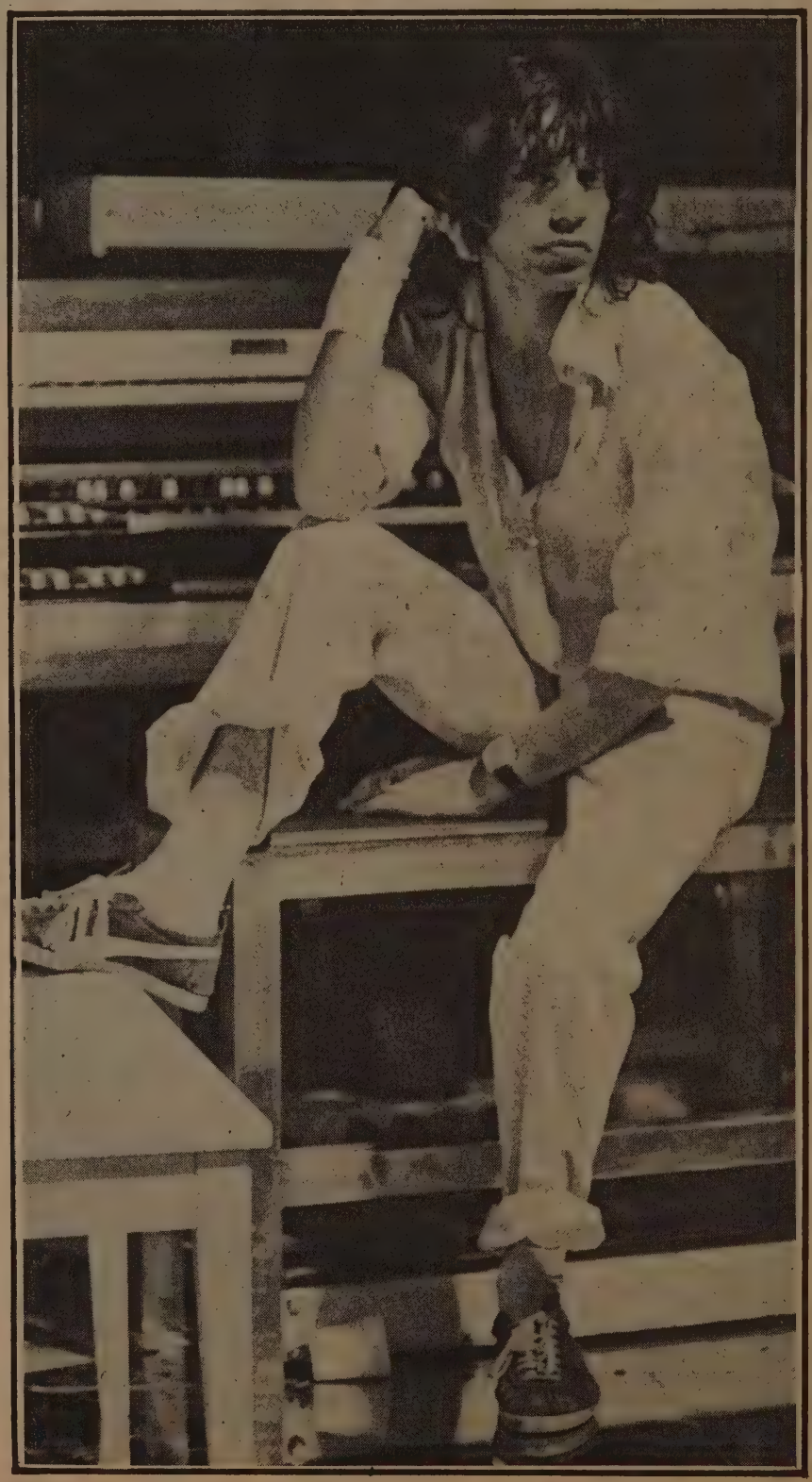
Oh, for you scandal - thirsty fans out there waiting for the questions on sex and drugs. Drugs were never a problem with Peter. While others fell by the wayside, the victims of various dibilitating drugs, Peter moved surely and securely past temptation. Sex? Well, he was with one girl for seven years straight and even was married to her for two of them. When that ended it shook him up quite a bit which is reflected, according to him, in parts of his *Frampton's Camel* album. Now he is happily settled down with Penny in the stone house with the deer.

What? No problems? No horror stories? No skeletons in his closet that I can drag out for the amusement of my readers? Isn't there anything wrong with him?

"In some ways I think I'm probably a slight manic - depressive, but I don't know...," he mused, "I've had my ups and downs."□

MICK JAGGER
Doesn't Know What He Wants and other thoughts on THE STONES

by Lisa Robinson



Annie Leibovitz

For weeks everyone wanted to know whether or not Ronnie Wood would be the permanent guitarist for the Stones when this tour was over. Obviously - he had a Faces tour to do that would begin on August 14th, but Keith Richards implied that Ronnie could quite possibly do six months with the Faces and six months with the Stones. "Did he say that?," Ronnie smiled, as he ever attempted to dodge the question. "Well - that's great. Is that what he said? I'm glad he said that, because that's the only way I can see out at the moment. As long as I get some relaxation time in between ... Of course I can get all my relaxation done in three days, and then I get bored."

"Well I'm flabbergasted," said Mick Jagger when asked to comment on this subject. "At the suggestion that he might be the permanent guitarist. But I don't know ... I would like to have a permanent guitarist, but there is no permanency - there is no permanent anything. You can't expect a musician to play with you for the rest of your life. I've been playing with Keith and Charlie and Bill for a very long time, but I played with Mick Taylor for a long time, at least it felt like it to me. And even Billy Preston, I've played with a lot. To me, three or four years is a long time to be playing with anybody, it's a long relationship, five years is a very long relationship. I don't really expect that ... of anyone. "But this is a bit serious ... couldn't we talk about the clothes?"

T.O.T.A. (Tour of the Americas for anyone who, by now, might not know) made its way through Baton Rouge, San Antonio, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Boston, Buffalo, Toronto ... with a week and a half long stopover in New York City before continuing to Philadelphia, Washington, D.C., Memphis, Dallas, and Los Angeles. San Francisco, Seattle, Denver, Chicago, Detroit, Atlanta, Greensboro, and Jacksonville would follow. It was learned that the South American part would have to be postponed due to too many technical snafus and not enough time to work properly with promoters down there to set up the amazing machinery that is a Stones tour. Some outdoor dates would be added to the month of August - up until the time when Woody was scheduled to start with the Faces. And, there was even the incredible talk that Ronnie wanted Keith to perform with him on that tour..

Although the shows seemed sharper outside of New York City, (where two hundred West Indian drummers opened

the evening and the lotus shaped stage utilized moveable petals) the Stones always managed to transcend even a fair performance into a memorable event. Perhaps the audiences outside of New York, Washington, D.C., Los Angeles ... were less blase, hungrier. The band was totally unconcerned with the celebrity mania that swept the big cities; while Bianca Jagger visited the White House and had lunch with Jack Ford, Mick would have nothing to do with it, and backstage opening night in Hollywood Mick posed briefly for a photo with a beaming Raquel Welch and Liza Minnelli and then turned and whispered with a slight sneer, "I've met all this lot before". Tour commander Peter Rudge went so far as to insist the "V.I.P." room be housed where the truck drivers had eaten, and that the celebs be treated to Thunderbird wine and small bits of cheese. Jagger ended up the first L.A. concert by tossing a pail of water all over Liza Minnelli who stood by the side of the stage and didn't know quite how to react.

When the Stones weren't onstage, they would party ... until all hours of the morning in various hotel rooms, after hours clubs, private homes. Wakeup calls roused the band members usually around three or four in the afternoon; days "off" were often spent traveling to the next

Ken Regan

town. "You get into this repetition thing on tour," Jagger said, "where we go every night to another place or another hotel and do the same thing, only different. And after it's repeated about six or seven times it starts to become hypnotic. A hypnotic state of mind. The concerts get better, perhaps, but then you have to keep them as good." Is it possible to look forward to anything in particular on this tour? "No, I'm not looking forward to anything," Jagger replied. "I'll just be there. I find it hard to remember where we're going from one day to the next, so I can't really know about it at all. You know, I know when we're going to Cleveland ... but I just go and do it."

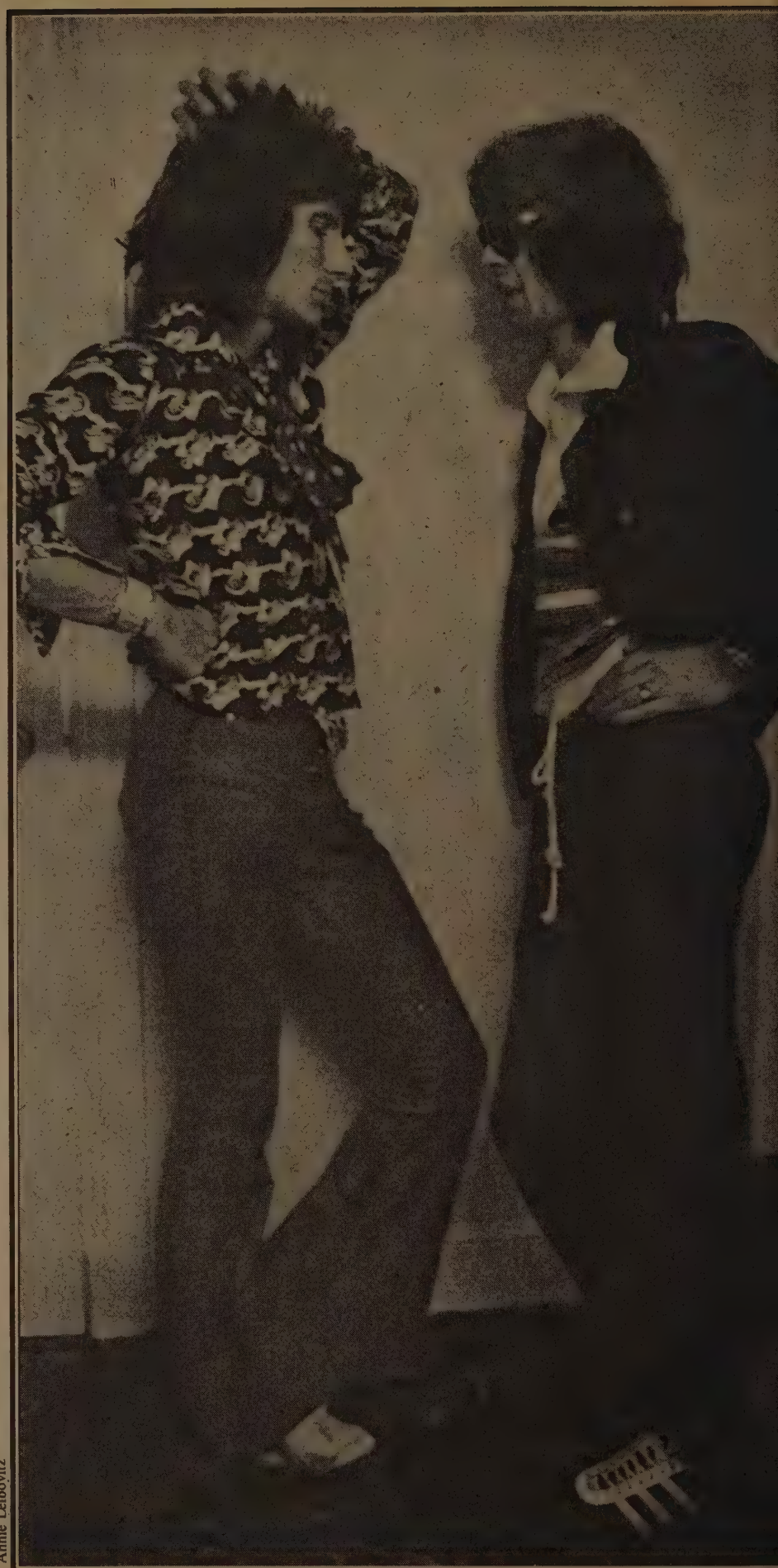
When asked if he ever gets tired onstage Mick laughed and said, "Do you mean like Robert Plant?" and then, "Well, I don't have a tambourine like Robert Plant does..." One remarks that you can't really hear Robert Plant's tambourine like you can hear Ollie Brown's. "That's because Ollie has a microphone. Robert doesn't have a microphone," Jagger said, "at least not one that I can see, anyway."

"It's rather long, the show," Mick continued. "Robert Plant and Jimmy Page are used to doing such long shows, but we haven't done this long a set since 1965, when we did ballrooms and would do anything to fill up the space ... Zeppelin has that thirty five minute drum solo in which you could go back to the dressing room and start a conversation, pick up a girl, have something to eat ... and this is in the middle of Jimmy's *show*. See what I mean? It's just amazing, the longer it gets the crazier it gets. I never could see it before. And *I* only get one number to have a rest - during Billy, and I have to work the beginning of it *and* the end, and then we go right into "Brown Sugar"." How do you feel that it's working out? "Awful, just fucking awful..." Jagger laughed, "but it could be different every night. We *could* do all the songs in reverse order ... but we haven't been, it's been the same so far."

"Of course you need that curve - that slow point in the middle, otherwise the audience wouldn't have any energy left for the end of the show."

*****

"These boys are as nutty as the Faces," Ronnie Wood said, when asked to compare this tour with the ones he's done with Rod. "Keith's a maniac, which I like, so is Mick, so is Charlie in a very fine arts museum way, and so is Bill in a very tongue in cheek way. I know why there's an air of mystery around this band, in a way they know more than most musicians what is coming next, but there still are areas that are uncovered that take them by surprise. The Stones have a fantastic organization on a very large scale, and the Faces have a basic organization, on a smaller scale. If the Stones agree to do something, no way does it get into action unless it's been double checked, triple checked. Whereas the Faces tend to demand proof that something's going to happen, but very rarely get the chance to



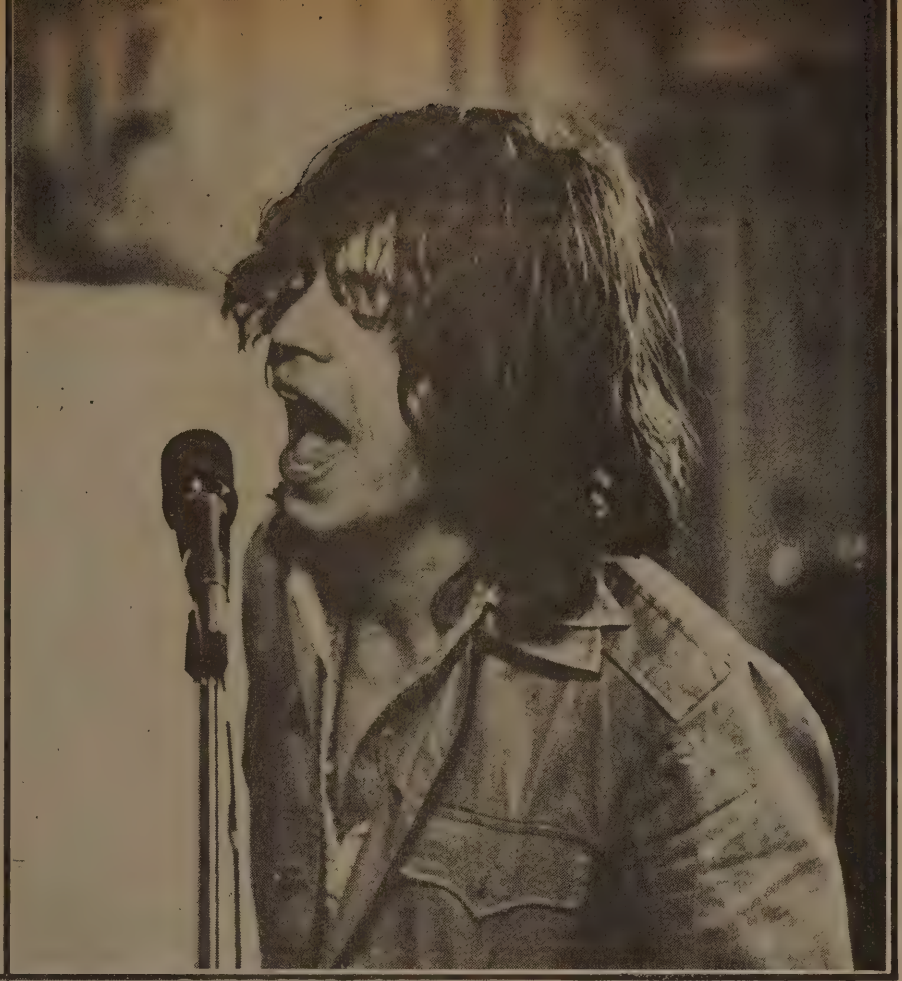
Annie Leibovitz

double check it. Sometimes it goes wrong at the last minute..."

"All this traveling so fast has not enabled us to practice as much as we would like. Therefore, in a very tight show likes ours, we can't afford to do a number that doesn't hold up - or that falls apart. That's why we dropped "Sure the One You Need" and didn't do "I Can Feel the Fire" - also from my first album," Ronnie said. "But I do think I will *demand* to do six numbers from my new album ... and I'm really keen to see if there will be a live album from this tour."

As for how he was Fitting In With The Band Ronnie laughed and said, "Well let's face it, they needed help. And I was around in a kind of category of ... amateur gatherings, football clubs, weddings and socials, and I brought a kind of salty taste to their mouths, I wouldn't say bad taste ... but I think I've livened up the proceedings, actually."

As for the future, Jagger would only say, "I've changed my mind, I used to say I could see ahead to three years, but I don't think there's any future, or any past at all. That's a very good answer to any questions about the future, isn't it?," said Jagger, who must have been taking the Alan Watts book on Zen he was reading a bit seriously, "because it gets you out of it completely, and it's perfectly true. You can't really prophesize anything, unless you know what you want. And I don't know what I want."□



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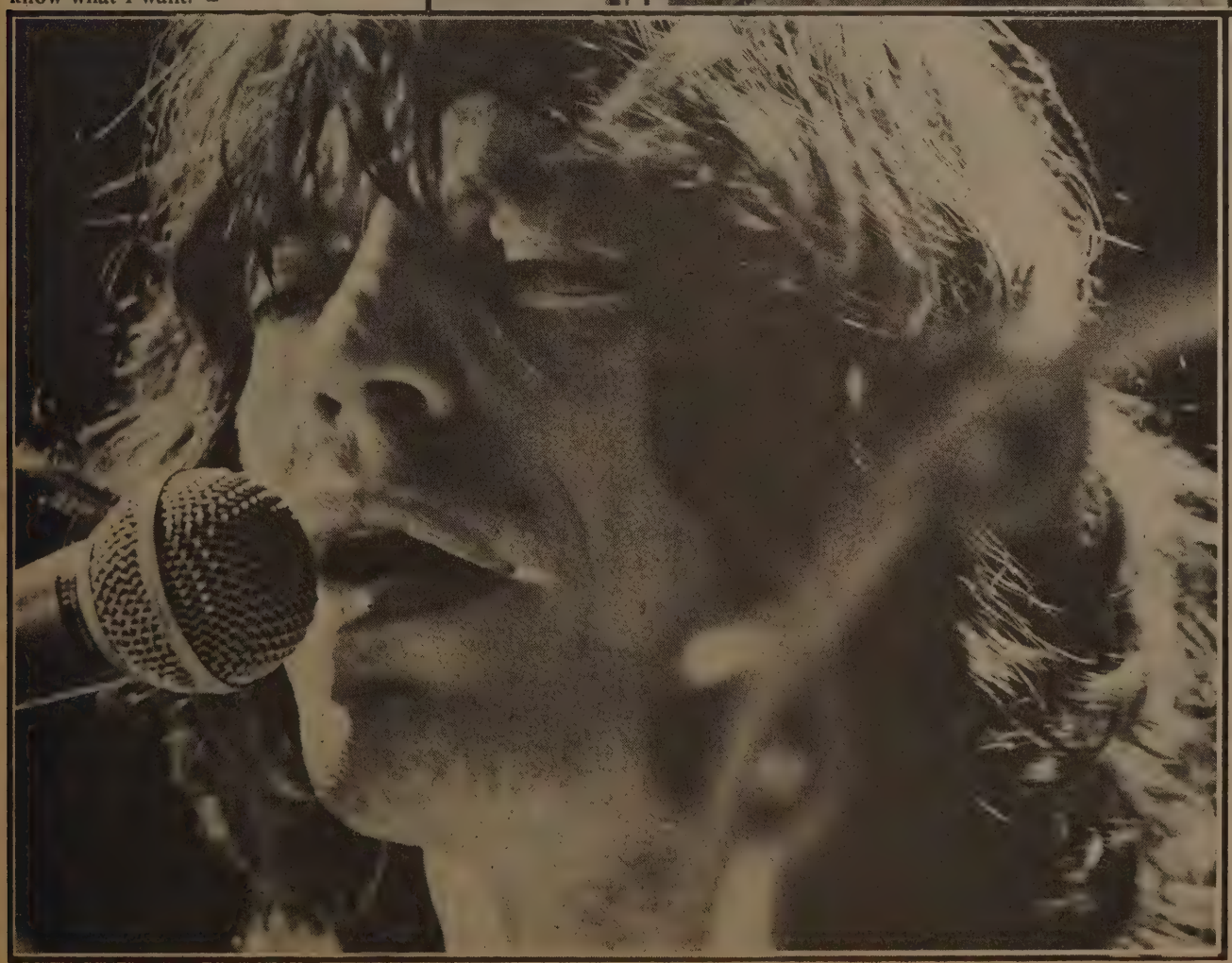

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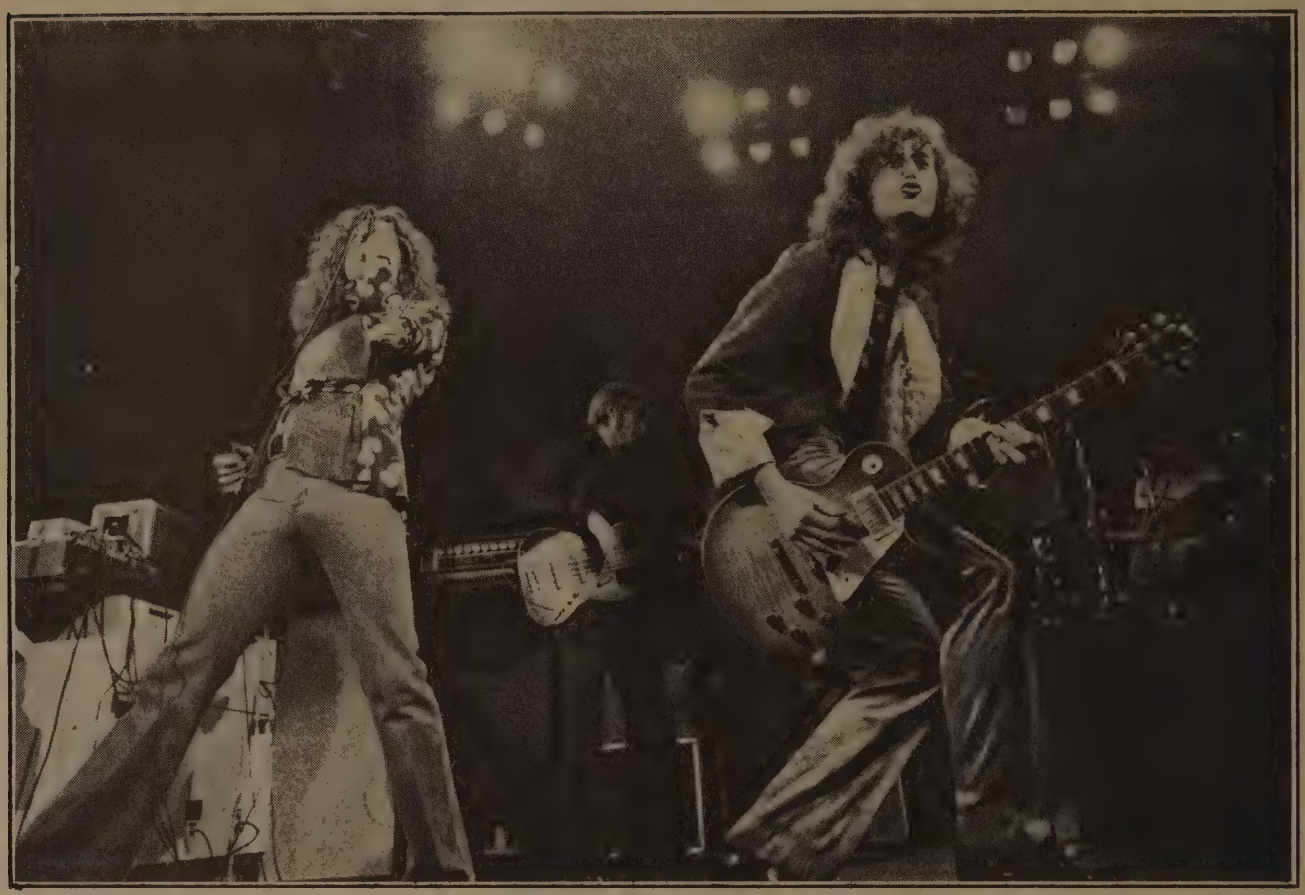
LED ZEPPELIN 1976

A Wrap-Up by Lisa Robinson



We were driving out to Newark where the Starship was parked, on our way to Detroit, when John Paul Jones turned to me and said, "I love flying. I think it's magical. Anything I don't understand can still turn me on." Well ... that sort of sums up alot of things about Zeppelin, although it's not that hard to understand why so many people are turned on by this four man British group who have consistently ravaged this country when they come here to tour as well as outselling anyone else who attempts to get on the charts when Zep has a new lp out. They simply have their own kind of magic.

Witness "Physical Graffiti". It holds the record for an album's chart position the first week of release: Number Three the first week, Number One the second. The 1975 tour was sold out hours after tickets went on sale, this - in a country where concert business has been noticeably dim recently. Page, Plant, Bonham and Jones did over four weeks in the States, ending up with a manic week of five New York concerts (three at the Garden and two out at Nassau) which found lots of rock stars visiting; Mick Jagger, David Bowie, Rod Stewart, Ron Wood - all showed up to pay their respects. From there, it was a vacation for Robert and Jimmy (on the island of Dominique), and home for Jones and Bonham, for almost two weeks. And then ... back on the road again, this time the West Coast mostly, with Texas, Seattle, Vancouver, New Orleans, etc. thrown in. In California Robert stayed out at Malibu for awhile, riding horses and swimming in the ocean before joining the band at the Continental Hyatt House on Sunset Strip; the Starship was there to take them from gig to gig, (including the amazing trip from Los Angeles to San Diego - just about a ten minute flight ...), the boys tossed a party for the Pretty Things after *their* Shrine Auditorium date and the night before Zeppelin's final Forum concert, but other than that, it really was pretty much hard work.

New York, Madison Square Garden - looking back. Maybe it's because it's my home town, but it always seems somehow that this is the big one. The security at the Garden is amazing, the stage is set very tight. No room for any hangers-on. Robert is looking for honey in the dressing room for his tea; his voice has been bothering him alot on this tour. Jimmy and I talk about "Lucifer Rising" - the Kenneth Anger film he's done the score for. He has a print of it in his hotel room and has been blasting it at an unbelievable volume. "I'm sure I'm going to get tossed out of the hotel," he smiled, "but the projector is broken and it buzzes otherwise." It's a hypnotic, slightly ominous little bit of cinema, and I loved it. Page seems pleased about the way it's turned out as well. Promoter Jerry Weintraub (in addition to Zeppelin, he manages John Denver, promotes Frank Sinatra and Elvis Presley ...) is around, he looks much younger than I'd imagined him to be. We hear that the Atlantic Records executives are in the audience, and the press has actually been given good seats for a change. People Magazine had just that day come out with an article that said: "Led Zeppelin - Bigger than the Beatles". I'll say. (I had been told that week that John Lennon had just heard "Stairway To Heaven" and had loved it. "What He's only just heard it?" was Robert's typical reaction.) "Dazed and Confused" was added to the show for the first time on the tour ... Jimmy's finger was obviously up to it - it was stunning and made the concert seem, well, more complete Led Zeppelin to those who have followed this band.

A party followed the first Madison Square Garden gig, but somehow with Zeppelin - parties always seem anti - climactic to the music. After the Montreal gig we returned to New York and anticipated going to the Jackson Five party held after their Radio City Music Hall concert. However, it was well after the J-

 Photos by Neal Preston

5's bedtime, so everyone had to be content with sitting around Robert's suite listening to an Alphonse Mouzon lp. Including David Bowie who had translucent skin, a green fur midi-coat, and a gray fedora.

Richard Cole, Bonzo, John Paul Jones and I made a getaway at this point, and went to J.P.'s for a quiet drink. I asked Bonzo if he put his drums through a phaser or something to get that sound he did during "Moby Dick". "It's all magic," he replied, "don't you see me playing with little black wands?"

In Detroit Robert was strutting and camping it up onstage. "I keep telling him he'll be ready for Las Vegas soon," said manager Peter Grant with a smile, "I said to him - 'Percy - I've got Vegas lined up for you...".

"You know, "John Paul Jones told me one evening, "it used to be that all the rockstars were somewhere in their early twenties ... Now it sseems as though everyone's veering around thirty. Wonder what the energy level will be like twenty years from now..."

One thing that *was* different about this time around for Led Zeppelin was that they returned to this country as record company executives, and successful ones at that. Bad Company's debut album on Swan Song was a Number One lp, selling over one and a quarter million copies; the Pretty Things "Silk Torpedo" was released while Zep was here on tour this year. Discussing Swan Song back during the opening days of the tour in Chicago Robert said, "Bad Company was a great start for the label and the label was a great start for Bad Company. They were such a strong thing anyway, they had to do well. Paul had alot of following with Free, and it's always been that way with people who have been in groups in England — ones who have had some acclaim, the audience is ready to hear what they do when they change horses."

"And it was great for the label because everybody was aware of the label - not as if it was some passing thing. But it's a band like the Pretty Things that are going to be a challenge for the label, because musically and visually and constructively - the way they write, it's going to be harder to get them across than Bad Company."

(Changing the subject, Robert talked a bit about bands that he liked, ones he had gone out to see ... and after he spoke glowingly about the Pretty Things, he said, "There's another band I like - Dr. Feelgood. They are just a joy to watch and to listen to. I like to go to little clubs with my beads around my neck and if I lose contact with that then I lose contact with everything. So I go to a place like that with a mug of beer in my hand and I'm ready to bop to Elvis records all night, and then suddenly I find that there is a band on who are really ridiculous. Dr. Feelgood ... and I started pouring beer all over everything as I listened and danced around and I was hanging off the ceiling watching them, they were that infectious.")

Jimmy said when asked about Swan Song, "Well, I thought Bad Company would be successful. The difference with their start and ours though was that from the first we were so controversial because our second album was so much different than our first one, and the 3rd totally different than the second or first, and that's probably where alot of our bad press came from ... People would listent to the first lp maybe once or twice and then they couldn't come to terms with our fourth one at all ... admittedly different than the others, I threw so many people off. You know, every time there's a new group - they try to put you in a bag. And Bad Company are in a completely different bag ... Their new album is a bit more adventurous than the first, it's got some real nice vocals on it, and it's very single oriented. It's got about three good singles on it. There's probably none on ours..." he laughed.

"I do hope that Roy Harper will be able to sign with the label," Jimmy continued, "there are alot of complications there though. The full extent of which I'm not sure, but I dearly hope that he will come with the label. Because he is so unique, recording wise, - his records are so unique and popular in England within a certain kind of style and class ... You know, thinking people."

"The Pretty Things' album is really great, and they are great onstage. When you think about the old days with Phil May well, it's really true, they didn't sell out. They were the only ones who really carried it on in the art student tradition. That's where all the 60's groups were coming from, from art schools. And they didn't dress up and put on suits for anybody. That's why they got all the slamming and everything, they were really stepped on in the press - much more so than the Stones. Phil used to camp it up more so than Jagger, ever."

"Of course," he added, "it's a different thing now. They've got four vocal harmony things, they're a really musical band. I just know that they're really going to get off on them here."

"You know," Robert said, "we give each other a feeling onstage that is basic, and animalistic and all that - but we really are pleased with what we do and we show our pleasure by playing hard back to each other and of course trying to incorporate the audience. People say I'm naive, but I'm far too oversensitive to have any naivete left in me. I mean sensitivity is what killed the cat, you can almost be too sensitive and too aware of the infinite but the enthusiasm is maintained by the fact that we still get off on what we do. I mean it sounds like a cliche, but that's really what it is. I mean if it were anything less than that, well - we would stop."

Talking about why Zeppelin couldn't tour England the way they toured the States, manager Peter Grant told me, "There really aren't the facilities in England like there are here. There just aren't the halls. Oh there are a few - like Wembly, and Earl's Court ... but even those only hold between eight and ten thousand ... You can do football stadiums, I mean the Who did Charlton,

and I had two acts on that bill - Maggie Bell and Bad Company. But they ended up putting more people in there than they should have. They could have fit 45,000 people comfortably and they put in about 65,000 — and we had letters to the office from people who said it took an hour to get to the bathroom."

"There has been some flack - not recently, but you know, people saying stuff about Zeppelin neglecting England. But let me tell you, when Zeppelin started, and I know this is the same for Ten Years After, the promoters and the people who owned the halls over there really weren't interested, they'd rather put on a reggae disco, or something. So you had to come to the States, because I remember they didn't want to know about Jimmy Page's new group. It wasn't called Led Zeppelin at the start, but they just didn't want to know."

"Another thing that's been a problem in England is that we've never been able to tour with our lights and sound the way we can here. There isn't the equipment there to start with, but this time - when we play there this spring or early summer, we will fly it all over. The show we've done there is the same, it's not shorter or anything, it just hasn't had the quality, the lights and the p.a. and the effects aren't the same standard that we have here with Showco."

"And you know - if you haven't got the support of people behind them, and the sound and the light, 100% behind them — well, they just shouldn't have all those worries. It's hard enought for musicians, they have to go out and play what they feel. Especially if you're a band like Zeppelin where the numbers very often vary. I mean, when the lights go down and somebody announces the band, well - it's their ass on the line out there..."

"You know, I'm a musician," Jimmy emphasized during one of our talks, "I'm nothing else. And I really like playing. When I've sat in with other bands - like Bad company twice on their tour and Roy Harper, and so forth, it's because I want to play, I enjoy it. All that time this past year we weren't playing, well - I do miss it, I really need that. Right now Led Zepplin is a total commitment to me; if you're fortunate enough to have a gift, however small, and you aren't using it, then you are really wasting so much. That's my life really, to do what I'm best at."□

PATTI SMITH
The High Priestess Of Rock And Roll

by Lisa Robinson

Ray le Fourchette

"Singing is such a monstrous responsibility it's such an honor to me ... I always thought of myself as a writer and poet."

(There is going to be alot of talk about Patti Smith in the coming months, but as early as a year ago when Hit Parader held this preliminary conversation with her, she seemed as strong and determined as she does today. With her debut album completed, and the scheduling of an upcoming national tour, Patti looked fearlessly into the eye of fame and artistic opportunity and found herself ready. So be it. Her band has now expanded to four members, comprising guitarists, Lenny Kaye and Ivan Kral, pianist Richard Sohl, and drummer Jay Dee Daugherty, and the experience of performing regularly including an epic two month stand at New York's Bowery-front CBGB's, has honed the group into a sparkling machine. Perhaps Patti explains herself best in her poem, "Notice": "...without mother, gender, or country, who attempts to bleed from the word a system, a space base..." - Ed.)

"I don't want to do a record unless it's fantastic and will really do something to people," Patti Smith told me awhile ago. "Why should I? There's no reason ... to make a few thousand? I mean I could make a few thousand dollars other ways, I'm a good hustler. I'm real proud of my name even though it's just Smith and I haven't done that much, but most of what I've done is real good and I don't ever want to do a lousy thing."

Well - in New York, where it is considered by most of us as the most arresting / compelling /important current musical phenomenon around, her recording contract has been a long time coming for those of us who have grown up with Patti the past five years. Her talent is formidable, the ways she's chosen to express it has developed along the lines of rock and roll and poetry, and it's hard not to be somewhat emotional about someone who can still move you. It doesn't happen *that* often.

Patti came to New York via New Jersey via Philadelphia where she got hooked on rock and roll at the age of six. "I was in my clubhouse smoking punk ... I was real 'heavy' when I was six, I had my own gang and everything. I had this eye-patch and kids used to be scared of me because they thought I had an evil eye. I had a cast eye and it used to go up in my head and it was creepy looking. So even though I had this eye patch I was about ten pounds and had duck feet and plaid glasses ... Anyway, this boy who had an RCA victrola said wait til you hear this, and it was "The Girl Can't Help It" by Little Richard. My mouth just dropped, it was instant recognition, it really got me below the belt. The only thing I had ever heard was Gale Storm singing "Ivory Tower". Yeah, Little Richard got my mind at six and it never stopped, it was just one thing after another."

"I never really liked the white stuff, it embarrassed me. I hated the look of the 1950's ... girls would wear big crinolines and lipstick and I thought it was so dumb. I didn't want to be a girl because they wore those Elvis charm bracelets and I

couldn't get into that. I had a complete Davy Crockett outfit, I was a relentless tomboy..."

"But I was real impressionable about art - even at an early age. I was real self conscious about being skinny, and I had one teacher who said I shouldn't be. She took me to the school library - she was real neat - and she showed me the Modligiani's and she said I looked like an El Greco, or the Blue Period or Modligiani, and it was the first time I could relate to something physical. I really was tormented, because I was so skinny. When we got weighed in gym class I used to put locks in my pockets ... With a lower class upbringing, it was real desirable to have big tits and a big ass, and I wanted boys to like me. But they didn't - they liked me as a pal."

"Even though I was a real homely kid and creepy I was a happy child, because I had this feeling that I was going to go beyond my body physical, even when I was in South Jersey or Philly — I just knew it. Even when I was five years old I was kind of waiting ... I was a very impatient, restless kid, and I knew it was a waste ... I was just waiting to get bigger so I could get this stuff out."

Patti eventually came to New York at a tender age but with an experienced set of emotions. She says she had no place to go, tried a teacher's college in Glassboro, New Jersey, had a baby, gave it up for adoption, worked in a record pressing plant in Philadelphia, got laid off and then - with 16 dollars, she bought some art supplies and got on a train and came to New York. "There was so much inside of me ... I always had these rhythms, but I didn't know what to do with them. It's like that line Artaud said, about a white tiger clawing to get out of him. I always felt there was something good to get out of my body, but I was constipated in a way. Even though I was a real homely kid and creepy I was a happy child, because I had this feeling that I was going to go beyond my body physical, even when I was in South Jersey or Philly — I just knew it. Even when I was five years old I was kind of waiting ... I was a very impatient, restless kid, and I knew it was a waste ... I was just waiting to ge bigger so I could get this stuff out. Then finally I got bigger and that's why I was so frustrated a few years ago, because I felt it coming but I wasn't ready."

"When I came to New York people immediately accepted me in the sense that I was anonymous. And I liked that, you know sometimes in South Jersey I wouldn't get served in a restaurant; and I never understood it - because I wasn't that conscious of myself. Image ... I would wear black turtlenecks because I

Andy Kent

"All my toughness comes out of my desire to be cool and be accepted by cool people. Basically I'm shy..."

Lynn Goldsmith

Patti and her guys ... Ivan Kral, Richard Soh., Jay Dee Daugherty and Lenny Kaye.

liked it. I never tried to look any way for shock value or anything like that, But I always would affect people in a certain way. I never premeditated what people would think ... you know like, 'I'm really going to get them up the ass with this thing' ... Then I came to New York and nobody paid attention."

"I went to Brooklyn first because Pratt was there and I thought it was like Montparnasse, I could look at all the art students. I was really into that, I was reading all these artists biographies ... Brancusi, Modigliani, and they all had mistresses; my idea was to be a mistress..." Patti met Robert Maplethorpe, a poverty - stricken artist who was going to school, she started working in Scribner's bookstore and as she put it, "he started teaching me, he taught me how to direct my energy. I was a victim of intense nervousness; ... hallucinations, manic energy and I didn't know what to do with it."

After a trip to Paris (which ineluded, among other things, Patti singing on the street, working with a fire-eater...) she and Robert decided it was time for them to show their art to the world, which, in those 1960 days meant coming to New York City and moving into the Chelsea, for a start. "William Burroughs was there, and Gregory Corso, and the Jefferson Airplane and Janis and Matthew Reich who was also an early influence on me, and it was really a good time. It was time for us to strike out on our own ... Robert as an artist, and I had been writing some of my poetry. At this time I was writing alot of poems in a little orange notebook, and I was writing my Brian Jones poem; of course they were rock and roll oriented because they were about Brian, and I would write them in the rhythm of the Stones music.

I wasn't trying to be 'innovative' - I was just doing what I thought was right, and being true to Brian. And one day I was walking across the lobby and this guy said, 'hey kid, where did you learn to walk like that' ... I turned around and it was this guy in dark glasses and a dark suit, and I've always been a sucker for guys in dark glasses, and I said, "I learned that from "Don't Look Back" '. He started laughing ... it was Bobby Neuwirth and he said, 'come here, what do you have in that notebook?' I said 'nothing', and I was *really* into acting tough but I was instantly and totally in love.

I had just had my hair cut like Keith Richards and Bobby looked in my book and asked me who wrote that stuff and I told him I did ... I think he immediately recognized something in me that I didn't even recognize in myself, and he immediately took me under his wing. In the space of four days I think I had met every rock and roll star in New York through Bobby; And of course, I was acting real unimpressed then because, well - I think because I thought I was going to make it in the art world, and also I was so crazy over him..."

"You know - I've been interviewed a dozen times about this ... people always ask me why I have this tough, swaggering image, and now I remember. It was to keep up with Bobby. He'll always be cool - but then, *then* he was the last vestiges of the 60's cool which really got me by the heart. He tried to open all these doors for me, and get my stuff published and he was the one who really pushed me into writing poetry and kept inspiring me to keep the music in the poetry, he said we needed a poet."

The first public "thing" Patti did was a poetry reading at St. Mark's Church, "Seventh Heaven" was a small book published afterwards. Patti has said that poets never had anything to do with her "getting anywhere"; it was all people like Danny Goldberg who published her poems in a rock magazine, and Bobby, and people in the muic business ... "The Chelsea opened up a whole new thing for me, the rock and roll thing, and then William Burroughs being there. Bobby got me into being able to say yes, I'm a writer, and then Burroughs showed me whole new tunnels to fall through ... He was so neat, he would walk around in this big black cashmere overcoat and this old hat. So of course Patti gets an old black hat and coat and we would walk around the Chelsea together looking like that.

Of course he was never too crazy about women, but I guess he liked me because I looked like a boy. And all the time Bobby would be pushing me, then I met Steve Paul and he saw me perform. I don't think he understood it, but he understands applause, he wasn't too crazy about the poetry. But Bobby helped make that St. Mark's reading *(February 10, 1971 - L.R.)* an event. I just had a feeling then — Robert was into the Jet Set by then and he brought Scavullo and all those people, and Lenny Kaye brought you guys and Lou Reed, and Bobby brought all the pickers and the rock and roll people, and it was really a neat cross section of people. It was again that flash that something was going to happen."

"You know, it's hard to say stuff like this, but I've always wanted to give something. I was so lonely in South Jersey, and I was so in love with anything that made me happy. And I wanted so much to be a rock writer, I used to devour those magazines ...but then I wrote for Rock Magazine and I got fired, because they told me "we can't put our finger on it, but your stuff is weird..." and I never was trying to be weird, that's just the way it came out."

After the St. Mark's reading, everyone was instantly excited about Patti in the avant-garde / underground / hip sect of the "music biz". Steve Paul thought perhaps she could be the Barbra Streisand of the 70's. (Of course who knew Bette Midler was right around the corner and Patti was way ahead of all that?) Patti knew, she knew that she didn't want to make a record, not be a pop leather queen anyway, and after an initial flurry of excitement, a few more readings, and lots of articles written about and by her in the "rock press", Patti sort of disapppeared.

"I just want to do great stuff because there is so much mediocre stuff being done. I would rather be a great thief, you know ... I was a great book clerk at Scribner's, I was one of the best salesgirls they ever had, and I felt really proud doing that. I don't like being half assed in anything."

I'm moving hard now, because I know I can do it."

"I realized at that time I didn't know what I was doing. I knew I wanted to do something, I knew I could read poetry - but I didn't know how to sing. I didn't have the skill ... and so many people were asking me to do things. They wanted me to front the Blue Oyster Cult, everybody

was asking me to do stuff, and I just got fucked up. So I went into hiding. I had been through so many shattering experiences, especially with men...Bobby broke me heart, he really did, and I was dispering myself all over New York. So it was the right time for me to just sit down and find out what was going on inside of me — I had been working on the surface for so long. I was never phoney, it's just that I was moving more on an image basis than on a heart or soul basis."

What happened during the time of "hiding" was that Patti became involved in a "domestic" situation with Alan Lanier (Blue Oyster Cult); "It was my decision, I was really trying to be a woman for this guy, he really took care of me and was the first person to support me and to expect me to be faithful and honorable and also wash his socks ... It was a great thing to happen to me, I learned a great deal. I got stronger, I learned humility, and a certain kind of compassion - and I also learned what it meant to be female."

"You know, I always wanted to really learn about being a woman ; because I never really considered the female within me. When I wrote the "Seventh Heaven" book, every poem, the ones about Marianne Faithfull or Edie Sedgwick ... people would ask me if I was a dyke, or did I love women, but actually, it's all about me. And when you're onstage, it's real important to know every inch of who you are in your body. I read this Suzi Quatro interview — and she's a cute kid and I don't know anything about her really except that she's got a great name. But she said all this stuff like women don't get anywhere as musicians unless they stop thinking about themselves as women. I don't agree with that at all, I think you have to know what you are and who you are physically before you can be a great mover on the stage."

"Basically I'm shy," Patti said - (no surprise to those of us who have watched her through the years, although it's not the projected image), "I mean all my toughness comes out of my desire to be cool and be accepted by cool people. But basically I'm shy and nervous, especially around girls, but I think I've learned how to use all that to my advantage. You should never deny what you are, I've tried to use everything I've got to my advantage. I'm still nervous, I'm still awkward, I'm still highstrung. When I was 16 I was horrified by those kinds of deficiencies, but now I can use them as charming aspects; I used to hate being a girl — but now I think I can manipulate people better by being a girl. I can do things on stage that guys couldn't get away with because I'm a chick. People ask me if I feel held down because I'm a girl, not at all ... I feel like I have a certain kind of carte blanche. You know, I can make mistakes, I can tell dumb jokes ... I can hit bad notes, I can get real flustered, but I can get out of a jam. I mean ... could you see Jim Morrison ever doing that?"

About a year or so ago Patti started to get her music together. She would open for bands like the Dolls or Teenage Lust, and started performing again from scratch. Initially backed only by guitarist Lenny Kaye, then Richard Sohl on piano. Patti did smallish gigs at Le Jardin, Reno Sweeney's, then came Max's Kansas City where this past fall she sang - as well as performing her poetry, for real. "At that Max's job it was like a bird flew out of my mouth or something. I started singing and all of a sudden about halfway through the job I realized that it was a fantastic thing - to be able to sing, but also frightening, because you never think it's going to be able to happen to you. It's such a monstrous responsibility, because it's such an honor to me; even now I still think that music is the highest art, and whereas I always thought of myself as a writer — and poet, I am now honestly starting to think of myself as a singer."

"At first I was trying to sing like my mother, I guess. My mother sang, and I was always crazy about those 40's and 50's white jazz singers like Chris Conner and June Christy, and when I grow up - I mean *really* grow up - that's what I want to do. I mean I won't be able to do 18 minute versions of "Land of 1000 Dances" forever ... I never want to repeat myself or peter out. When I know I'm finished I'll just let the new generation take over and I'll just go into jazz singing."

"People will be able to be artists without burning themselves out. Without having a real cosmic discussion about it, let's just say I have an optimistic feeling about the future. When I get a chance to talk about it I realize I get sick and nervous and crazy, but I remember what I'm trying to do and what it's all about."

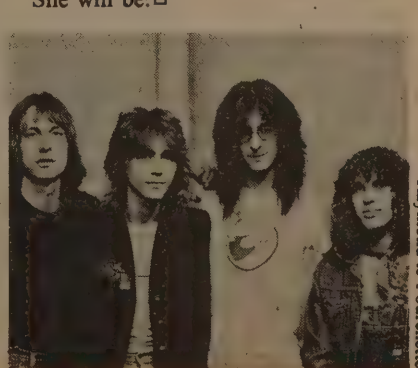
"When I'm performing, I'm conscious of having an effect on people. But when I write - which is alot, and every day, well - it's the one totally uncompromising thing that I do. I don't think of anybody but myself when I write poetry, I try to hit the highest standards that I have within myself. It's the most selfish thing I do, and I don't write it to be published. That's why I'm not published much ... because I think it's bullshit, I'm not that interested in it. I mean someone like Gerard Malanga has 15 books of poetry published and it doesn't mean shit in the face of history. Rimbaud used to sit in cafes with people who had 40 books and he wrote one and a half books and he's considered one of the greatest writers in the world. Quantity doesn't mean anything to me, I really don't have that much desire to get my name plastered or anything ... I get a fantastic feedback from audiences and I like to see my name in print so that's enough ego stuff. When it comes down to writing, well I just get totally down to it. I guess what I'm trying to say is I'm not trying to be a star poet."

"I just want to do great stuff because there is so much mediocre stuff being done. I would rather be a great thief, you know ... I was a great book clerk at Scribner's, I was one of the best salesgirls they ever had, and I felt really proud doing that. I don't like being half assed in anything."

I'm moving hard now, because I know I can do it. To be an artist - within rock and roll ... part of being a great artist is having control. There are rules within art ... and you don't have to be an artist, it's cool to be a star. Jim Morrison probably got the closest to being an artist within rock and roll, I think. I don't know what Hendrix was — he was like some prophet madman. He was like a rock and roll Artaud, because he had some kind of demon within him and he was trying to express it, or find a form for it, but it just swallowed him up like it did to Artaud. I don't want to be like that, I have a real romance about that stuff, and I want to live. I want to be able to do that — hopefully the 1970's and 1980's will be about that; people will be able to be artists without burning themselves out. Without having a real cosmic discussion about it, lets just say I have an optimistic feeling about the future. When I get a chance to talk about it I realize I get sick and nervous and crazy, but I remember what I'm trying to do and what it's all about."

"What I really want to do with my life goes far beyond getting a few reviews here and a record contract there. I'm really history - oriented and I want to be someone. The things I'm writing now are like my first baby projects at merging poetry with rock and roll and feeling like it's the birth of something new. I'm starting to learn about sound as opposed to linear motion with language. It's like pumping blood into words. Poetry goes hand in hand with anemia. Poets are always anemic looking and I just want to pump alot of blood into it - I don't want to get away from poetry ... but there's no reason why the two have to be separated. I think I've proven it with what I do with "Land of 1000 Dances" ... it's totally impossible to distinguish what is poetry from the poetry in that and the rock and roll, they're so integrated. That makes me so happy ... and you know, when I say I want to be somebody, I don't mean just somebody ... 'cause all the kids in my high school know who I am, that was what it was when I was younger. Now, I would really like to be my own best *her*."

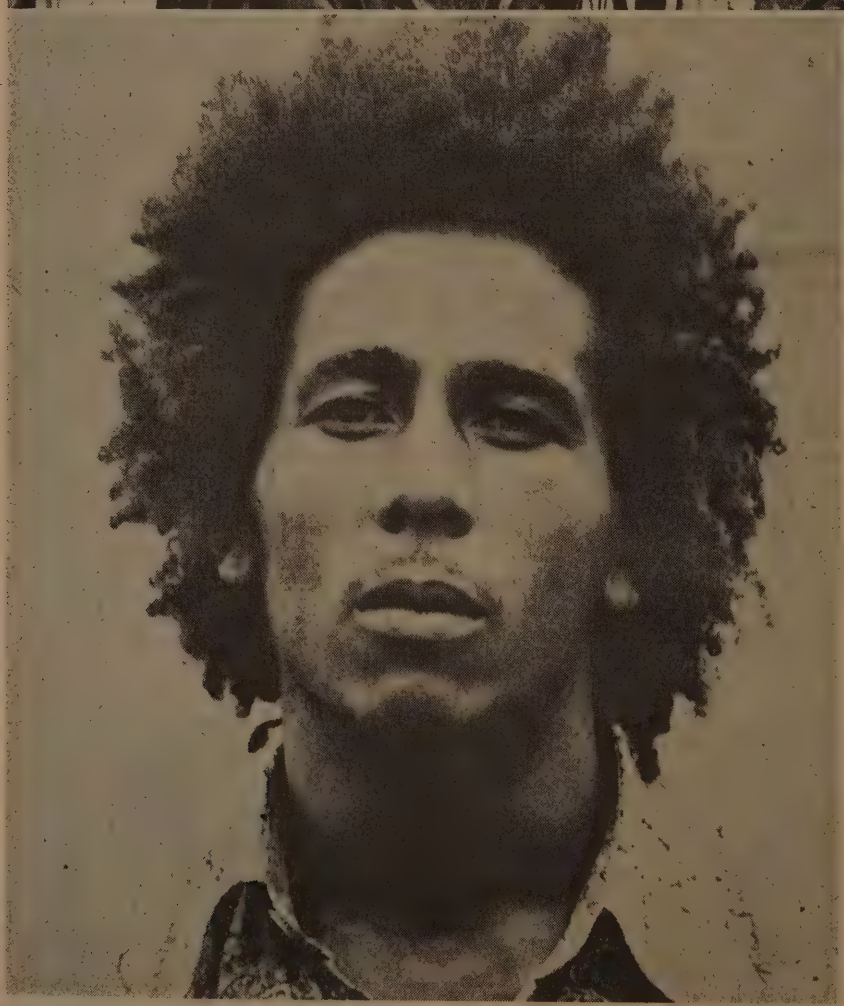
She will be.□



Raymond le Fourchette

REGGAE IN AMERICA
By The Rivers Of Babylon:

The Wailers ... with Marley at the helm, they are *the* reggae band.



Bob Marley ... king of Trenchtown rock...

Eric Clapton taking aim on the Sheriff. Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones, awash in de luxuries. J. Geils givin' it to me. Cat Stevens frolicking through another Saturday night. Taj Mahal. Paul Simon. Johnny Nash. The McCartneys.

Sometimes it begins to appear as if the only people not able to score from the first hot flashes of reggae fever are the originators themselves. In a turnabout reminiscent of the 1950's — when the McGuire Sisters and Pat Boone lavishly borrowed from the segregated rhythm and blues charts — and the 1960's — when the blues were "rediscovered" en masse by English and American rock musicians — the sounds of the Caribbean have lately become a source of unceasing fascination to pop artists. Spurred in part by the cult-cinema success of *The Harder They Come* and its attendant soundtrack, not to mention the magnetic presence of the music itself, reggae no longer resides as a forgotten ethnocentricity. Rather, it has become a surprising and increasingly commercial portion of the mainstream itself.

This sudden popularity is not unexpected. Reggae, with its oddly syncopated beat and lyrical fantasies, grew in obscurity to become a mature and well-developed music, nurtured by the hothouse atmosphere of Jamaican society. At its best, it can become brutally honest, stripping away layers of emotion to bare essential and stark images. Whether dealing in traditional love, political realities ("I Shot The Sheriff") or spiritual breakwaters, it forcefully cuts to the rhythmic core of day-to-day existence, the pull and thrust of interwoven relationship.

By and large, those who have popularized reggae on the charts have done well by this equation. As if in realization of the music's inner strength, they have paid it both tribute and honor, perhaps smoothing off its rougher edges in hopes of reaching a larger audience, but adamant about retaining its inner truths.

The best example is Eric Clapton's treatment of "I Shot The Sheriff", originally written and recorded by Bob Marley and the Wailers. Clapton must of necessity treat the song differently than Marley; it's unlikely he's ever known the circumstances described, a zinc shack paranoia methodical and debilitating in its primary form. Marley's reading takes that into account, an anguished, future redemptive portrait that understands how it feels to grow in Trenchtown, the omnipresent poverty, the illogical pressure from police and government, the harsh interior structure of bottoming a country that would likely enjoy forgetting the existence of its lower classes.

Marley is a Rastafarian, and this too adds an edge to his poetry. The Rastas, a religion that exists without benefit of church and clergy, prefer not to deal with the present, instead saving themselves for the trip "forward back" to Africa and salvation. Despite the barren circumstances which he describes, there remains the feeling that this is just one of many struggles man must overcome to move toward his higher ground. Taken in context with other songs on the Wailers' album (*Burnin'*), the picture is amplified: "This morning I woke up in a curfew," he moans in "Burnin' and Lootin' ". "Oh God, I was a prisoner..."

For his part, Clapton's rendition is more up-beat, perhaps seeming to skim the surface until it's remembered that he, too, has seen the outer reaches of despair. The Rolling Stones take a different tack. It would be a mistake to consider reggae as resembling a solemn music by any means; utilizing its joyous end, they construct a group original like "Luxury" and spin it like a web, using the music's illegitimate marriage of American r&b and home-grown rhythms to add a lusty, pleasure-ridden energy to the obvious best track on the new album. Similarly, J. Geils updated their bedrock sound a year ago in "Give It To Me", and Cat Stevens toured Sam Cooke's "Another Saturday Night" around the West Indies to gift it a whole new dimension.

The process works both ways. Garnished with strings and sophisticated arrangements, Jimmy Cliff came up a winner in 1969 when "Wonderful World, Beautiful People" first touched the charts. Cliff, as befits his influential role, doesn't seem as committed to a purist strains as does a performer like Marley. He has experimented heavily (most notably on *Music Maker*), demonstrating a studiedly pop outlook, concerned with expanding the boundaries of his compositions and his audience. In the face of this, Cliff has managed to retain a strong political and social awareness, a factor which has brought him criticism from some quarters and praise from others. Whether one agrees or not, the dedication and belief behind such songs as "Black Queen", "Born To Win", and "No. 1 Rip-Off Man" can hardly be denied.

Cliff walks a thin line between the pop and hard-core reggae cultures, and is probably best matched on the other side of the fence by an artist like Paul Simon. To his credit, Simon was there before most whites had even heard of reggae (with the exception of Paul McCartney, following a line from the Beatles' "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da" to the guitar scratchings buried under "Jet"), and he built on the mechanics of the music in a way that should serve as a model for future aspirants. In "Mother And Child Reunion", Simon borrowed creatively and well, catching both the spirit of reggae and its simultaneous binding of life within death to create a pop masterpiece. John Sebastian, Nilsson, Martha Reeves, and others who content themselves with covering selections from *The Harder They Come* songbook fare less well. With the wealth of reggae material at hand, it must be questioned whether they have a commitment to the music or the bandwagon, though one doesn't necessarily preclude the other.

As for Johnny Nash, his position is unclear. Since he rejuvenated his career to the tune of "I Can See Clearly Now" and Marley's "Stir It Up" over two years ago, he appears to have consciously turned his back on reggae, returning to more of the sweet soul stylizations that characterized him in the early sixties.

Still, he might be doing the smart thing. Most of the reggae that has broken in the United States has taken influence from the music's style, grafting it onto more traditional forms. Even Clapton's "I Shot The Sheriff" tends to regularize the beat, exchanging serpentine movement for notches on a ruler. Taj Mahal, despite a new album relying heavily on the style, brings his vision firmly back into a folk blues perspective. Undiluted reggae hardly sells, the amount of public attention it receives usually limited to West Indian enclaves in the major cities. Part of the problem is the *patois* dialect which carries much of the message, musical in itself, though virtually unintelligible to ears not gifted prior training.

The question of where to base an appeal slices much deeper, however. Though it may seem odd to make overtures to the pop-rock market, to date reggae has not proved successful in the relative world of soul, where its greatest appeal might be thought to lie. A superb dancing music, it fits only peripherally into the current discotheque context; and with most present day r&b concerned with sweetened maturity and heightened studio awareness, much of reggae compares as primitive and coarse. Recording techniques aside, there is quite a squeal of delight in Jamaican circles over the "rude" song, and groups like Lloydie and the Lowbites ("White Rum and Pum Pum") and the Whores ("Dead Buddy") are perennial favorites.

Yet a significant proportion of reggae artists have proved quite willing to bridge this gap if given the chance. Ken Boothe, a mellow-voiced song stylist who has been on the scene for several years, recently surfaced in England with a number one pop smash called "Everything I Own". Toots and the Maytals, a dynamic three-man combination, have shown a remarkable affinity for reducing any material — be it such strange bedfellows as "Rocky Mountain High" and "Louie Louie" — to a wild, enervating rhythmic constant. Others, like the Pioneers, the Ethiopians, Max Romeo, thrush Lorna Bennett, Zap-Pow, or the devilish Scotty, are only in need of the right vehicle and promotion.

The most interesting reggae artists, and unfortunataely the ones least likely to benefit from expanded interest in the music, are the disc jockeys: U-Roy (the first), I. Roy, Big Youth, Topper Zukie, among others. Evolving as a result of the sound systems that criss-cross the island of Jamaica as floating discotheques, they specialize in talking over an instrumental track, utilizing a variety of catch-phrases, grunts, sermonettes and judicious echo, a free-form Trenchtown of the mind. Most are Rastafarian, their appearance (as in Big Youth's turbulent visit to New York's Felt Forum last year) cause for religious enthusiasm and celebration. *If you say you love I so, and you want the world to know how much you really love I so...*

And lest this be thought of as a one-way street, leave it be known that reggae audiences themselves are equally filled with contradictory cross-currents. At a recent festival in Manhattan, the largest share of appreciative applause was directed at young Vic Taylor, who operatically sang "My Way" a la Frankie, and then encored with an even more emotive "You'll Never Walk Alone". Jah, Jah.□

PATTI SMITH & JOHN CALE

confrontation collaboration

by Lisa Robinson

The following is a dinner chat at Sardi's Restaurant in New York with Patti Smith, her producer John Cale, manager Jane Friedman and Lisa Robinson. The conversation was taped early in the evening, prior to Patti and John returning to the Electric Lady Studios once again to work on Patti's debut Arista lp, "Horses". It was almost at the end of their sessions - late September. Patti ate a spinach and bacon salad, John didn't eat anything, I had shrimp cocktail, melon and prosciuto. The two of them had warned me that they would argue. - L.R.

Lisa: Well kids, how's it been going?
Patti: I'm telling you, it's really like a season in hell. It's really like that.
John: It's been slow.
Patti: It's been completely maniac; it's been a nightmare from beginning to end.
Lisa: Did you think it would be easy?
John: Whose side do you think Bernie's on, yours or mine?
Lisa: Who's Bernie, the engineer?
Patti: Yeah...
Lisa: Listen, I'm going back to London next week. John, do you think they'll let me back in Julie's after you bit that waitress on the thigh??
John: Oh, worse things have happened. I bit a waitress on the tit in L.A. ...
Lisa: Patti, why are you looking at John like that?
Patti: I look at him like that no matter what he says. I just like to make his life miserable constantly trying to make up for all those hours of misery he's put me through. It's like incest you know, brother and sister. Fucking at night, hating by day. Not that we're doing that, you know. We're not doing anything dirty.
John: Mind fucking at night...
Lisa: What's it like in the studio?
Patti: Oh god, a nightmare.
John: You little insect. Well, how long have we been in there? Two and a half weeks ... and it's taken us that long just to come to an understanding.
Patti: I'm glad we fought, I never had to fight for anything so much in my life.
Lisa: Well how come John looks so healthy and Patti looks so run down?
Patti: He's winning the fight.
John: We made a deal. I come out looking healthy...
Patti: We all had to fight and we couldn't take anything for granted. We figured that because of the kind of work he does he would come in and be hip to our spirit, and it would be really easy. But what happened was he came in and was like a total bastard, and it was worse than working with a Beach Boy ... like working with George Martin with a straitjacket. He made us fight for everything, and I had to solidify everything I believed in and the band had to and we had to figure out exactly what we believed in. We came into the studio really half-assed and glib, then I had to pound my fists into his skull day and night...
John: When she has conversations she argues with people she goes into soliloquies, you know? I mean like a Lady Macbeth ventriloquist...
Patti: Look, "Birdland" which was once a nice four minute piece about Wilhem Reich's son gently easing himself into his father's black space ship, is now like a Peckinpah science fiction nightmare. And there's no room for it anywhere on the album, plus I have to put out a live EP...
John: Peckinpah, that's fantastic. Did you know I love Peckinpah?
Patti: No! I do too ... well, everything has turned into Peckinpah. I wrote a beautiful little song about my sister Kimberly, by the time we finished it...
John: Blood all over.
Patti: I was holding the baby in my arms in the bridge and by the time the improvisation came out, I was like sinking my fingers into her eggshell scull. I don't know how it happened, but there's like murder in every song...
John: Not in every song ... not in "Redondo Beach"...
Patti: No, there's suicide in that one.
John: Some days go bad with me and some days go bad with her, and when that happens she just goes off and takes everyone into the vocal booth, turns the lights out, crouches on the floor, and whispers in everyone's ears. If something goes bad for me, I'll just take one of the guys in the band over and talk to him, sometimes I have a problem I can't solve and all of a sudden somebody taps me on the shoulder and says 'why don't you do that', and that's the answer...
Patti: See, what happens is that he goes into the bathroom...
John: And then we all come around and see the sensible side of things.
Lisa: Wait a minute, what's this about him going into the bathroom?
Patti: I think he just walked into the mural a few times...
John: Look, tell the truth, go on, tell the truth.
Patti: What?, what truth?
John: Well, "Birdland" started off one way, and then Lenny (Kaye) got better and better and your voice got better and better and then you went onstage at the Arista concert and your voice got 100 times better and you were scared to begin with of the studio and then after that you said holy shit, take me back to the studio.
Patti: Yeah, I was glad to get back to the studio.
John: And then you wanted to do "Land" again.
Lisa: Who introduced you from the stage as "Let's welcome her uptown from CBGB, Clive?
Patti: Yeah...
John: There really was alot of the CBGB crowd there...
Lisa: Really? Where?
Patti: Oh somewhere there was ... I heard them yelling stuff that only a CBGB crowd would yell, like "EAT SHIT"...
John: She stopped in the middle of almost saying "fuck", instead she said "what the ... hell..."
Patti: Yes, I did do that but you know why? I mean it was like having your *parents* on stage with Clive there and you can get arrested for that and I have to do an album. I'll say fuck after I've done my album. Ivan sings it somewhere in there in "Free Money", but no one can hear it...
John: Oh, that song's such a mess...
Patti: "Free Money" isn't a mess, don't be so goddam negative... See how he is? Just because we don't have a clavinet or something on the song. The poor song is simply us guys playing our own instruments. And he's in a panic.
Lisa: What do you want to do? Add strings and all that stuff?
John: Sure, Lisa...
Patti: Yeah, a noose. That's what he wants to add.
John: Very good.
Lisa: How does being in the studio with Patti differ from other albums that you've done?
John: I haven't slept with her.
Patti: We did alot of cool things, we did some things that were timed amazingly that we didn't plan. We had written this elegy for Jimi Hendrix and we recorded it September 18th, and that was the day Hendrix died, but we didn't know that when we went in to do it. You can really feel Jimi Hendrix in that studio. Anytime you shut your eyes, you can see him. There's all this Hendrix imagery around — his neck, his teeth, anytime I get in trouble, I shut my eyes and he's right there.
John: His hands were big.

Robert Mapplethorpe

John Cale and Patti Smith face the world defiantly

Patti: Oh, his hands. His hands were as big as your head John, which is pretty big, physically.

John: Can you imagine what size his ...?
Patti: Do you know John pulled his dick out in the studio ... much to the excitement of our little secretary...

John: It was a party trick:..
Patti: It was a joke that cost me $11 a minute, I'll tell you ... Peter Cook and Dudley Moore are doing an album in there too, and me and Lenny immediately ran over and tried to get free jokes from them. They told us two of the worst jokes I ever heard..When we recorded "Birdland" the band only figured they were going to be following me and playing for about four minutes, but they ended up doing it for nine minutes. And you know I'm a little bit like James Brown in that way, if they stop before I do — they get shot down so far, I'm ready to take the stratocaster away. They always have to let me go and that's one thing we have. We might be sloppy still, and we have a lot of technical stuff to learn but ... the idea of having a group that lets me spiral out is important. I even talked to Dylan about that, and he told me that the most valuable thing I have is my group, a group that you can trust...

John: Did he? Well, I told you the same thing...
Patti: Of course John, you told me so much more...

Lisa: Did you like Dylan?
Patti: I thought he was great. He's one of the sexiest guys I ever met. He has such tremendous energy and he's got like so much maniac energy and yet he's filled with so much restraint it's like adolescence. It's like the same kind of neurotic sexual energy as you have when you're in high school.

John: It's great to meet an American who can speak English?

Patti: Him? Me? Oh come on, John. John and I have come to love each other like that Motown song ... you know, it's a thin line between love and hate.
John: We're in love with a thin line.
Patti: When I look back on this record I'll never look at it with mediocre memories. The thing is, when you're fairly new, we have to put ourselves on the line and perform in front of more and more people and I'm making my first big step out into the public eye, and there's been alot of publicity. But I've never actually had a product, and John forced me to completely fight for what I believe in. So the product is important, and I've known what I believe in since I was 16 so I stopped examining myself, you know. I haven't fought with anyone like this since I fought with my parents about my art.
John: It's just the frustration that we both have similar ideals and I want to push her as far as she possibly can and she's scared. Because it's the first time in the studio, the band is scared because it's their first time in the studio, they don't really know they can do it and I'm telling them they can, and I'm trying to catch them unaware and ... come on, just do that, blah - blah - blah, and bingo - there it is, and they say yeah, here it is.
Jane: Can I say what I think it is? He's found an approach that stimulates her into sort of like a frenzy where he can get out of her what he needs to get out and it's really interesting, and her fighting is very stimulating. It's like a rush, and he sort of goads her ... feeds her little lines that irritate her.
John: That's very diplomatic...
Patti: It's the only way a man and woman can relate if they're not fucking ... in such an intense situation. I mean we aren't, so it has to be as heavy as that because we are a really cool guy and a cool girl working together...
John: Oh, I'm a cool guy, am I?
Patti: Usually when a cool guy and a cool girl come together they fuck, so since we're not, expending our energies screwing, it's going to come out in other ways, you know.
John: But we're not attracted to each other, so it doesn't make any difference.
Patti: John, I've always been attracted to you.
John: Oh, sorry.
Patti: This is like having a baby without fucking. It's going to be a very sexual record. I mean I wanted a record that was about sex and violence, all the things that encompass rock and roll. My whole feeling about rock and roll ... I mean we're living in a violent age...
John: Patti — you're full of shit.
Patti: What do you mean??
John: You're giving a line out...
Patti: But it's true...
John: I think you're giving her a line, you're giving out copy...
Patti: I want a sexy album, it's a sexy album...
John: You may *want* a sexy album...
Patti: It is a sexy album, you don't think it's sexy??
John: I don't think it's...
Patti: Thanks alot...
John: What I'm saying is I think she's full of shit when she says she wants an album of sex and violence, because I don't think she knows what she wants, and I don't think that's the whole story ... sex and violence. She doesn't know what she wants to do...
Patti: I do know what I want to do, I know exactly what I want to do. That's your whole problem, you don't think I know what I want to do.
John: I just want to see what happens. I mean I'll go in and see the desire and seeing in the back of my mind that there's no real end product in mind, I let it go and let it go until it develops. Sex and violence is not the whole story.
Patti: Well, I don't pre-suppose anything before-hand, I don't pre-suppose anything before I write a song, all I'm saying is...
John: Right, and I'm trying to get you to pre-suppose less and less.
Patti: No ... *right,* and if you started like that when we *first* started recording...
John: God diggety damn...
Patti: That's the problem...
John: But it took so long.,
Patti: Do you know what he did, Lisa? We took this job at Woodstock to perform, just so John could see us live before we went in to records. We didn't want to do the job, we were harassed and tired, we weren't going to make any money on it. It was initially a pain in the ass, although now I'm glad we did it. So we drove up there to the country, and I abhor the country, I can't bear to be in the country, and he passed out during the first set and threw up during the second and never saw a thing.
John: The second set was really better than the first.
Lisa: John, you've gotten worse. Much worse.
Patti: Yeah, like when he slept through the mixing of "Gloria". Slept through an entire mix.
John: The engineer started mixing and I was sitting there listening and I woke up and the tape op was saying 'hey, it's four o'clock'...
Patti: It didn't matter. For as long as we've been doing "Gloria" I better know how to lix it.
John: I'm losing my touch, I'm really losing my touch.
Patti: Oh no, John. It's untrue.

SUBJECT CHANGE: ELTON JOHN

Patti: You know what Elton did, he took all his clothes off at Electric Lady the other day.
John: He did great with Neil Sedaka.
Patti: Did you know that? He ran around naked, all over Electric Lady.
Lisa: Who Elton? When?
Patti: They had this party for Neil Sedaka and he...
Lisa: I know about the party, I never heard *that*...
Patti: Well, all the guys who work there told me, these Spanish maintenance guys. They were all horrified.
Lisa: He took all his clothes off? Are you sure??? No one told me that...
Patti: I think he did it because he came in and there were all these hot shit models there and they were acting so snotty, I think he did it to teach them a lesson.
Lisa: Do you think he's finally gone bananas?
John: I've met him lots of times and every time I've always thought the guy was a perfect example of someone who could handle success.

SUBJECT CHANGE: JOHN'S OWN ALBUMS

Lisa: John, your song, "Mr. Wilson," - is better than anything Brian's done in years ... I mean he's singing backup now with Tim Curry and David Cassidy. L.A. will do that to you ... John, you're so ridiculous about your own music...
Patti: I know, I told him I jerked off to his records but he won't believe me.
John: "The Jeweler" ... do you believe that?
Lisa: Sure...
John: Why - you've done it too?
Lisa: No - but it's very sexy.
Patti: Very slowly...
John: That's nice. Okay, I'll jerk off to "Kimberly" then.
Patti: Okay, it's a deal. But you know, I understand after having done my own record, why people are never satisfied, and why all these people say they can't stand to listen to their own record. You never are satisfied.
John: You never are satisfied.
Lisa: Ah, agreement.
Patti: You know, like 100 takes of "Birdland" and every time I do it I'm going to go into a different planet, a different stratosphere. I'm going to go farther and farther until the layers of my epidermis ... you know, you have to stop somewhere if you want to do a product.
Lisa: When is this album going to be out? I Can't wait to hear it ... seriously...
Patti: It's going to start with a twenty minute fight ... I know what he's trying to do. We fought and fought and fought, but really — all he wants to do is make ... he believes in what we're doing and he wants it to be communicative to all people on all levels. That's all.
John: No — just on two.
Patti: Well - musically and lyrically.
John: If I get those two I'm happy.
Patti: The cool thing about having John is he likes all these human elements in a record. Like if I fuck up in the middle of a poem, like sometime in the middle of a poem I'll have to clear my throat ... in the middle of "Birdland" I was going, "because ... uhhhh ... I want to dreaaammmm.ahem,,errr" and I went like that in the booth because I couldn't think of the words and you can hear me beating my head. He likes all that stuff ... sooo ... I mean it's neat because he believes in the process too. I mean I talked to alot of producers before, and they said, "Oh yes, I know how to work with poets. I'll get into poetry, and then I'll figure out how to edit you."
Lisa: I can't imagine any other producer...
John: End of interview.□

ELO
Something Completely Different

By Richard Robinson

ELO: "We don't take ourselves very seriously, but we do try to take the music seriously..."

"It was so difficult to get the group together. The first album was made with just Roy Wood, Jeff Lynne, and myself," says Bev Bevan, drummer and sometime spokesman for the Electric Light Orchestra. "It was just an experimental thing, really," he adds, then stops, leaving a great deal unsaid.

ELO is part of a rock-continuum initiated in 1966 when a band called The Move was formed in Birmingham, England's second largest city. The Move's *cachet* was hard, tough rock and roll. They enjoyed tremendous commercial success in England, but limited notoriety in the U.S. The result is The Move Legend — supported by a core of believers bemoaning the group's failure here while praising the genius of their music.

In 1970, The Move became the Electric Light Orchestra. Move-maniacs will challenge that statement; saying that ELO isn't the original Move and their music has nothing to do with the Move's. I concede both points. Still, ELO and Roy Wood's Wizzard are direct descendents of The Move.

The first ELO album, *No Answer*, was released in 1972 with Lynne, Wood, and Bevan at the controls. I'm talking with Bev and Jeff Lynne during a visit to New York. I tell them that, frankly, that when ELO was formed it was announced as an experimental band, and that I, for one, couldn't figure out what the hell they were experimenting with.

"Well, we couldn't either to begin with," says Bev with a chuckle. "It was all new to us. We were trying different ideas. Some of them worked — on the first album particularly. I mean, half the album isn't good at all and then some of the other stuff is."

Okay, but what did you have in mind? "The basic idea was to use strings on stage. A lot of groups, the Beatles particularly, had used strings on record, but, of course, nobody else had used them on stage. When we started getting strings tied together and playing live on stage we realized then why people hadn't done it before — 'cause it's so incredibly difficult — it was in the beginning — just to get the right guy to play the instruments and also to get the sound across live. It took a lot of experimenting with pick-ups and amps and speakers, not to mention different musicians all the time."

ELO presently consists of Jeff Lynne (guitar, vocals, Moog, and backing vocals); Bev (drums and percussion); Richard Tandy (piano, Moog, guitar, backing vocals); Michael de Albuquerque (bass); Michael Edwards (cello); Mik Kaminsky (violin); and Hugh McDowall (cello). They've had four albums released, starting with *No* Answer, then *Elo II, On The Third Day,* and *Eldorado.* They've also managed two hit singles — string-laden versions of *Roll Over Beethoven* and *Showdown.*

"The singles were sort of suggested more by the record companies than ourselves," says Bev. "We weren't particularly keen on having singles released, but we were told that by having singles it would make people go out and buy the albums."

Hit singles haven't swayed ELO from their ongoing experimentations. *Eldorado,* for instance, is described as a "symphony by the Electric Light Orchestra, words and lyrics by Jeff Lynne". But for all their adventures into uncharted rock sounds, ELO aren't as unusual as they seem the first time you see them, cellos, violins, synthesizers and the like pounding out "There's gonna be a showdown..."

"Really, this band is very well organized," Bev explains. "There's not very many unpredictable things going on. Except possibly onstage. We've got a couple of lunatics onstage. Mainly the string section. But it's amazing how they've changed because they're all very straight people to begin with — used to playing classical music and none of them had a rock and roll upbringing at all. Since they've been in the band their personalities as well as the music has developed and they really surprise us now. They do all sorts of mad things. We don't know what's going to happen next."

Bev turns me over to Jeff Lynne, who was a member of the Move for their last two years and is presently the guiding light of ELO. I ask Jeff about the three musical periods he's been through — Move, ELO with Roy Wood, and the present ELO. "What are the differences in terms of what you're trying to do and some of the mistakes you made and what you've gotten to at this point?" I ask Jeff.

"Well, I don't really know what to say," he answers.

"These are my upgrade questions," I say.

"I suppose really I'm very pleased with what we're doing at the moment and I think we're going along the right lines."

"Have there been major changes in direction in what you were intending to do from the formation of ELO to now?"

"The sound of the group is what I envisioned it to be before we started and it's materialized into a workable thing where it was impossible for a couple of years — it was really bad, hopeless. We thought it would never work. But it took a lot of hard work and now it seems to be paying up now because it really sounds good now."

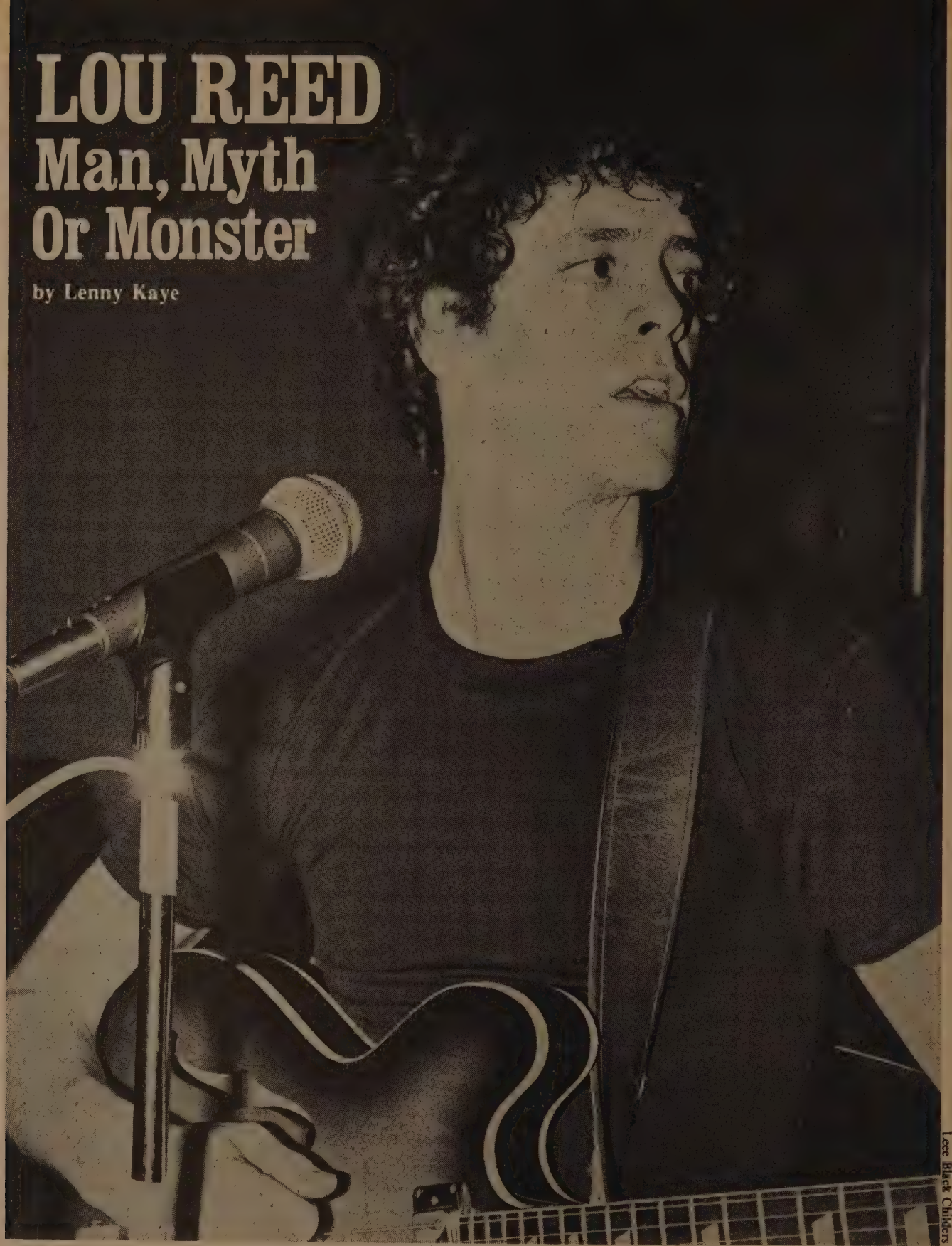
Jeff sounds like the electronic genius of the group. We talk about the way the band uses the Moog synthesizer on stage and in the studio ("You can get nearly a true brass sound off it, it solves all sorts of things like amplifying horns. We used to have a french horn and you couldn't hear it ever. So we got a Moog. I think every group should have one."); the problems encountered in amplifying the strings to rock sound levels in concert halls. ("What took us the most time was getting the cellos to come above the rest of the group.") and arranging the strings for albums ("Sometimes I basically think of the strings as the prominent instrument in which case I'll do most of the basic arrangements, and on other songs I haven't got really too much idea of what I should do, we sit down and discuss it.").

As for the ELO name, Jeff says that was a joke. "We just thought of it as a joke and then thought we'd keep it."

Jeff and Bev are off for a soundcheck. As they get ready to leave, Jeff explains a little of his personal feelings about ELO. "We don't take ourselves very seriously, but we do try to take the music seriously. And we always try to play as best we can but there's always so much going on on stage that at times it gets a bit silly to say the least." Personally, I think 'silly' isn't the proper word, 'unusual' would be better. If you've seen ELO perform, with drums and guitars pounding and cellists sawing away, you know what I mean. □

LOU REED
Man, Myth Or Monster

by Lenny Kaye



Lee Black Childers

Lou Reed ... off of automatic pilot.

There is probably no performer more accustomed to controversy than Lou Reed. From his earliest days as primal mover of the Velvet Underground, through a solo career that has engulfed glam-rock (TRANSFORMER) and "Walk On The Wild Side"), sadistic/masochistic rock-opera (BERLIN), and avant-garde dementia (METAL MACHINE MUSIC), he has proved impossible to categorize. His appearance has varied with his personalities, but today his hair is short, colored black and closely cropped, though not unnaturally so. He wears a red t-shirt and his body, which has fluctuated from paunchy to pained in recent years, looks firm and muscular. Lou Reed has a reputation for playing with the press, alternately putting journalists on or dozing them out of existence, but as we made the climb to an

upstairs coffee room in New York's Media Sound studios, pretenses and posturings were mutually dropped. "I'm not lying," he told me as we finished the interview. "Not at all. Man, that's over." Perhaps the self-renaissance of his new album, CONEY ISLAND BABY, works toward this sense of assurance. With a band he can trust - Bruce Yaw on bass, Michael Suchorsky on drums, guitarist Bob Kulick - and song titles like "Kicks", "Charley's Girl", "She's My Best Friend," "Glory Of Love" and "ooohhee Baby", it would appear that one of the most enigmatic figures in contemporary rock and roll has found his measure of bliss. Or maybe not. How many times does a snake crawl out out of his skin....? -LK

HP: You seem to be pretty excited about the new album....
LR: Yeah. I didn't sleep through this one. I could play this for people and be really proud of it. I was never that much interested in the other albums. I mean, they're okay, but they weren't Lou Reed albums. Or if they were, I was on automatic pilot. But this one is the way we all wanted it, so if people don't like it, then they're definitely not liking my kind of album.
HP: Why such a sudden change?
LR: It has a lot to do with me being in control, though not of a despotic nature....
HP: Have you felt manipulated in the past?
LR: (shrugs) If I was, it was only because I allowed it to be that way. It was the only thing to do at the time.

I wanted to get the Velvets stuff known. That's what I was doing. Like the "Heroin" that got popular, on the *Rock & Roll Animal* album ... we were doing that so long, before the album came out, it's just desecrated. It's so blasphemous that it's horrifying. And like it's not like ... that old Velvets stuff, I think it still cuts anybody going down today. But they didn't have studios that could do the things we wanted, they kept telling us we were crazy.
HP: Do you think your creative thrust changed with ROCK & ROLL ANIMAL?
LR: I'm not being a martyr or any of that shit, but I had to get popular. People *Love Rock & Roll Animal*.... I know why they do. They're all great musicians on there ... Prakash is a good bass player, Hunter and all are with Alice now. People always used to say that the band overshadows Reed. I picked the fuckin' band! In "Oh Jim", that guitar duel that goes on is so fantastic, so classic — and the only reason it went on is I get off on it. They were looking at me to come in and I said "no way" ... I'm digging it like everybody else. Hunter-Wagner: that was for real on stage. But as far as "Sweet Jane" or "Heroin" goes ... the "Sweet Jane" on the Mercury *Live 1969* album, *that's* "Sweet Jane." The original lyrics, even recorded the day I wrote it. I think that night was the first night we'd ever played it. Some rich kid in Texas had a club. It wasn't even a club. If he liked a group, he'd bring them into the club and invite friends over. It was insane.

But because of *Rock & Roll Animal*, the 1969 album was able to come out. I understand why people like the *Animal* "Heroin", but it almost killed me. It was so awful. Those songs are great for what they are, and for somebody else they'd still be great. But for me it really made me sad. But I kept going through with it because it did what it was supposed to. It got the '69 album out, it got MGM to repackage all those Velvet things. Now they've repackaged it seven hundred different ways, and we still don't see any royalties, but that isn't the point. I've always arranged it so bootlegs could come out ... the Max's live set, now that's another album I really love. If you want to know what Max's was really like - and now you can't - but there, for real ... because Brigid was just sitting there with her little Sony recorder. It's in mono, you can't hear us, but you can hear just enough. "We're out of tune, per usual ... but it's Sunday night, and all the regulars are there, and Jim Carroll's trying to get tuinols, and they're talking about the war ... we were the house band. There it is.
HP: And ROCK & ROLL ANIMAL was designed to bring that into prominence?
LR: The main thing was to get the Velvets stuff out. Then I could be in a position to do an album that was me, all the way through.
HP: What about BERLIN?
LR: It was great what Bobby (Ezrin) did. If I was in charge, I would've done it somewhat differently. But he did a great job, everybody on that album did a great job ... I still think it's a fantastic album, but everybody has their own approach. When you have total control over a thing, you have no excuses. So, *Coney Island Baby*...

I'd gotten to the point where, since the Velvet thing ... I'd done as much as possible, John (Cale) as much as possible. Y'know, people think that me and Nico and John don't get along, that we fight all the time. Of course we fight. Like cats and dogs. But it's one thing if we fight, and another if somebody said something bad about John, or Nico. I'd kill 'em. I'm the only one allowed to say something bad about John or Nico, and vice-versa.
HP: Do you miss working with John?
LR: Cale's incredible, everybody knows that. Sure. I mean, one of the things I want to do, and I know John wants it too, is to get together. He's getting his solo stuff out of the way, he's getting popular. And he really should. But just like with the stuff I'm doing, people don't know what we can really do. What he's putting out now is not all what ... a *n*th of what he can do. The thing is if he put it out now, it's too much of a different direction. That'd be the end of it.

Nico, for instance, she hasn't done it the way we're doing it. She'd just put it out. Those albums are so incredible, the most incredible albums ever made. *The*

Lou begins his career as a solo artist in 1970.

By 1972, Lou begins to get into heavy leather rock.

Could this be yet another image? It's the rock & roll animal.

Marble Index, Desertshore, The End ... and try to get a fuckin' copy. You can't get 'em, you can't order them, they're in bins someplace. I have orders in five stores. They've disappeared off the face of the earth. Nico doing "The End" is so unbelievable ... and John ... but then you listen to *Slow Dazzle*. The thing is he's trying to get the Velvets thing too. We talk about it all the time.

HP: Have you seen Nico lately?

LR: (laughs) Ever since I dropped her harmonium in my loft, she's been a little mad at me. She'd just gotten it and it fell down a flight ... Nico's Nico, that's it. I thought that maybe she should have songs which are more accessible, one or two, like "I'll Be Your Mirror" or "Femme Fatale", just to get 'em to the other stuff. But she chose to do the whole thing. Those albums are priceless. Even *Chelsea Girl,* even with those stupid strings. They brought in Larry Fallon, the most saccharine asshole strings in the fuckin' world over those songs. Who else but Nico?

HP: Do you think the repackages have served the Velvets well?

LR: Well, they leave out a lot of the heavy stuff. It's always "Sister Ray", it's always "Heroin" ... and I'm really glad they're on it, you can hear what we were doing eleven years ago. That's why we closed the *Coney Island Baby* sessions. No producers, nobody to say "hey, you're crazy". When we did "Sister Ray", we turned up to ten flat out, leakage all over the place. That's it. They asked us what we were going to do. We said we're going to start. They said who's playing bass? We said there is no bass. They asked us when it ends. We didn't know. When it ends, that's when it ends.

HP: What about the other members of the group?

LR: Maureen (Tucker, drums) was perfect on that song. She works for IBM now, and you can tell from us that she was born to the job. All we wanted was someone who could play on a telephone book. Sterling (Morrison, guitarist) is teaching English someplace, wishing he was in a rock and roll band. When he was in a rock and roll band, he wanted to be in school.

Like the Velvets were the best kept secret in the world, but they didn't go without having their effect. The records that come out now say Lou Reed and the Velvet Underground, but to me that's depressing. It wasn't me alone; if John had gotten popular ahead of me, then it would have been John Cale and the Velvet Underground. The thing was just to get those albums out. I couldn't, or John couldn't leave them just sitting there. So I went and decided to get popular. It's as simple as that. And John's doing the same thing. Eventually he'll put out the album he really means. I used to plead with him to put out some of the things he came up with - he had one called "The Piano Exercise" ... oh, Christ! It was great. Anything he does is great. In my book, people ought to be happy he's even on a record.

The thing is he was right not to record them and put them on his albums, because if he did it would just be the Velvets all over again. The track you skip. Because they don't want to hear that. You have to get popular first. I got to the point where I put *Metal Machine Music* out. That was like, okay, now, let's stop fucking around.

HP: At the very least.

LR: First of all, I happen to love that album, I don't care what anybody says. It's more fucking fun...it also happens to be really good.

HP: When did you first start thinking about it?

LR: Oh ... maybe as far back as when John used to work with Lamote Young (avant-garde composer of the drone-like "Dream Symphonies"). It took a long, long time. It's way more complex than people realize, but that's all right. I wasn't going to put it out even; I made it for myself. John and I were always making tapes. A lot are still circulating around. We made soundtracks for underground movies of the time ... we always encouraged bringing tape recorders to our jobs.

HP: What did RCA think about METAL MACHINE?

LR: Well, at first they were going to put it on Red Seal, the classical music label. The head of classical music heard it, and he knew who I'd been listening to. But it got put out on the pop label because it was a Lou Reed record, and it was a real Lou Reed record. No bullshitting around. You want heavy metal? You got off on *Rock & Roll Animal?* Okay, shmuck, now we'll give you some heavy metal.

The thing is that it's a fun trip. Not for most people because they get scared off, and I set it up that way. There are frequencies in there that are against FCC law to use, they use them in surgery. But if you put certain combinations of tones together, and keep building on them harmonically ... there's seven thousand melodies. Like Sibelius will go sliding by, whoosh. It's all really speed, to say the least. I don't say that facetiously. The thing is that there's enough there to have fun with. I wasn't going to put an instructional pamphlet in with it. Those who knew would know, and those who didn't, fuck 'em. Like they saw "hey man, it's a rip-off, $7.98, he's standing in front of a microphone..." What can you do? I should've charged eighty nine dollars and seventy four cents for it. They ought to be glad it's out. I'm glad it's out.

HP: Were you pleased at its reception?

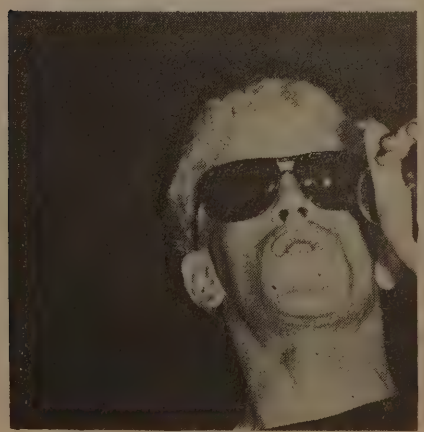
LR: The rock reviews tore the shit out of it, but that's to be expected. Which is exactly why John and I didn't put out a whole slew of things. Look at what you're dealing with. Look at Nico's stuff that's out. With that and fifty cents you can get on a subway. I never put out a double-album before. I was in control of that thing from the graphics on down. I mean, I gave them a finished product, already mastered. It's in quad, too ... in quad! People don't understand. It's sixteen minutes and one second long on each side; that wasn't a joke. I was trying to just, I guess obliquely say that this thing is enormously accurate. Y'know, if you put it down as white noise, or just the sounds of the city or anything else those assholes said, well, fine. Then I don't mind taking their money for it. I *gave* that album to RCA, I didn't get rich off of it.

HP: How'd you go about putting the album together?

LR: It goes back years. I did part of it when I was living in the loft, and then I needed more machines to do it. I've been having these synthesizer freaks asking me what kind of synthesizers I was using. I didn't use a synthesizer. It says right on the back, "no synthesizers". No Arp. Can't they listen? You can tell a synthesizer or an Arp two blocks away. It's just a lot of amplifiers. When I was living in the loft it was just me, a bed, and our stuff ... five or six huge amplifiers and guitars. And I could hook 'em all in series. We'd come flying in at five in the morning and play "Sister Ray" through them. I was the only guy living in the building except for this junkie upstairs. He used to jump up and down on the floor when we'd get going. He wasn't too happy. But I did one of the basic tapes for *Metal Machine* there. And I knew I couldn't go any further for a while.

I also knew I had to do the whole thing myself. It was the only way to do it. John's the same way. When he feels it's time, he's going to lay one out. He's building to it slowly, the same way I am. *Berlin* was a little ... (he punches his fist into his palm).

HP: Where does SALLY CAN'T



The mid - seventies brings a two-tone look.

1976 Lou Reed is thin and intense.

DANCE fit in?
LR: (spreads his hands) It went top ten. I think by *Metal Machine* people are starting to get the picture. Even the most crazed reviewers ... to do that and get away with it. *Billboard:* "recommended cuts: none." There aren't any. The thing that people don't understand is it's not a scam.

HP: Well, assume that someone's bought the record expecting ROCK & ROLL ANIMAL and though shocked, they're still willing to see your side of the music. Is there anything you might be able to tell them in the way of assistance?
LR: First of all, the only way to listen to it is on headphones. Hearing it on speakers is ridiculous, and you don't listen to it with people. Let's do it right. Listen to it by yourself. And the thing is, each side is more dense than the one before it, and it's in a different perspective. That's what the combinations and permutations are. It's not me standing in front of a microphone, it's not a rock and roll album. It's a machine in front of a machine.

Now. If you take the balance and you put it right in the middle, listening on headphones ... it doesn't stay even. That's the way I happened to get off on it that day. But you can put the balance anyplace, and you can also put the tone anyplace, the volume ... it changes every which way you do it.

HP: You mentioned before some FCC-outlawed frequencies ... are there any dangers in listening to the record?
LR: Not specifically, but I had to take it into consideration. There's a film-maker friend of mine and John's, mainly John's, named Tony Conrad, who did a thing called *Flicker.* Now *Flicker* was using the same basic idea, playing around with strobes. In our show, the guy who was doing lights, he committed suicide eventually, Danny Williams. But he got into the same idea, which was combinations of strobe lights. If you didn't do it randomly - and people still think that *Metal Machine* is random, which it isn't - people could literally get bowled over. Tony showed *Flicker,* which was exposed frames and unexposed frames, at the old Cinematheque, and the first night he showed it two kids had a heart attack. The next day they had to have a disclaimer. People thought they were kidding, but bam!, there was an epileptic fit. It worked. Danny Williams ...the strobes we were using when we were doing the Exploding Plastic Inevitable, he would sit for hours up at the Factory, all that aluminum, seven strobe lights, and you can imagine. He used himself as a test subject. John and I, that's why we used to wear sunglasses when we played. We didn't want to see it. We knew, and Danny, he was so far gone he killed himself.

That's what I'm doing with the sound frequencies. Like certain combinations ... there's bound to be a combination that'll hit you. And it makes things happen. Like when people go "om" to set a vibration in their body. That's like the bottom line, and that's what happens in *Metal Machine.* I played it for a friend of mine, and she came. She's very together, though.

HP: And if you're not so together?
LR: If people think it's a ripoff, or just noise, I hope they're able to return the record. That really fucks me up, though. They had the hugest album returns and finally took it off the market. But on the other hand, it got to more people than it would ever had, and a totally different audience, than if RCA had gone classical with it. To me, that would've been the worst dilletante trip, sticking it in the electronic section. That's just like saying it's smart stuff, folks, and we'll put it over here, and we'll put the bullshitting rock and roll over there. And I hate that.

HP: Do you think it established you again as an underground artist?
LR: No ... yes ... how would I know? There isn't any underground anymore. There really isn't. It was just something I did. It was my way of saying hello. Really. It's like a toy. When I need to go to sleep, that's what I use it for. It takes all the bile out of you if you listen to it on that level. And there's other ways. They loved it in Japan. They had a reception for me over there and they were just playing it away. They went nuts. John Rockwell from the *New York Times* loved it. Rock and roll people had a field day making fun of it. And maybe they're right. Can you imagine a guy in the promo field running that thing to a Top 40 station, or even a progressive? A hit single? No way.

People who think I got something out of it, monetarily or otherwise, should have another thing coming. All it accomplished was negative. It'll be that much harder for *Coney Island Baby* to prove itself. A lot of people got turned off, and I am so happy to lose the people who got turned off, you have no idea. It just clears the air. That's the end of it. *Metal Machine* was going to be my last record. If anybody wanted *Coney Island Baby,* it was going to have to be my way.

HP: And has it been like that?
LR: Look around you. We started last Saturday. Everybody's been fabulous. It's a very small group of people, just me, Bruce, Michael, Bob, and Godfrey Diamond, our engineer. Period. Ken Glancy, the president of RCA, he's just been incredible. I can't think of many presidents of record companies who would go along with this. This is coming out just totally the way I want it, from top to bottom. Which means totally the way the other guys want it too, because we all want the same thing. That was the whole idea. I love this fucking album, and I love the people who are involved in it, and I love Ken Glancy for letting me do it.

HP: Are you working in a band context now?
LR: Oh, yeah....

HP: These are the guys who will be going on the road with you?
LR: ....oh, yeah ... oh, *yeah.....*

HP: What kind of guitar are you playing now?
LR: A Stratocaster. I've been waiting years to get the right one. I can't believe it. Three days before the session I ran into it. I had a Les Paul Junior, which I loved, but all my life I've wanted the right Fender Strat, and I've never been able to find it. Once on tour one of the guys had a '58 Strat, and that was it, and this is as good as that. There are a lot of them around, but it's not like they're all the same. You gotta check each one. I bought this one on the spot. I don't even play the Les Paul anymore.

HP: This is probably as generalized a question as you'll get, but after ten years, what keeps driving you to make music?
LR: Well, let me put it this way. When we started out, we didn't start out on this money thing. But apparently, at this point, I'm really worth a lot of fighting over. It got past the juncture where I could say I just wanted to play my music, my guitar, blah blah blah. It was way too complicated. John knows that, and I know that. With the Velvets, we made a record by accident. Who knew why? We just put out whatever we wanted. That's what this album is all about.

I've gotten myself to a position where I have the freedom to make this record. Anyone who doesn't like it, well, that's fine with me, 'cause I like it. The other albums, if the audience didn't like them, I could defend this way or that way. But I don't have to pretend to a position of power in order to put out the thing I really want, because *this* is the thing I really want to put out. And all the albums I put out after this are going to be things I want to put out. End statement. It's a very simple, basic rock and roll album, and I'm as proud of this as I am of anything I did with the Velvets, which is really saying something. After that, you might say there's a long break, a very long pause. But that pause ... I did what I could. What a trip, let me tell you...

No more bullshit, dyed hair, faggot junkie trip. Having to do "Heroin" that way, it was so awful. It almost killed me. The worse I was, the more they bought. It was incredible. *Sally Can't Dance* goes to number ten. What a horror. It went top ten and it sucks. People who want more *Rock & Roll Animal,* sorry. I mimic me probably better than anybody, so if everybody else is making money ripping me off, I figured maybe I better get in on it. Why not? I created Lou Reed. I have nothing even faintly in common with that guy, but I can play him well. Really well.

I finally reached the point. There was no reason anymore. Hey, give me a reason ... I would've left it with *Metal Machine* and the Velvets. Period. But I was given a reason, mainly by friends. If they let you do it, they said, do it. If you can't, don't, because that'll kill you. And everybody connected with *Coney Island Baby* knows that to have me record it, *Coney Island Baby* being *Coney Island Baby,* it couldn't be tampered with. There's no outside disruptive forces, no advice, no looking over my shoulder.

I used to sleep through my sessions. With this one, I can't even sleep when I come home at nights. It's how I used to feel when the Velvets were together, but it's not a nostalgic trip. 'Cause the old Velvets stuff was about ten years ahead, so if I start doing my part now, I should be right in tune with 1979.□

TELEVISION'S TOM VERLAINE

Tom Verlaine ... "Rock & roll isn't show biz, not to me anyway ... It's greater than that."

Lee Black Childers

"I just liked the sound of the name Verlaine..."

"I don't really think the New York bands are bands," Tom Verlaine told me, "I think each one is like an idea, not really a group at all. A friend of mine says that New York and Broadway are so intermixed, that's it's hard to get a real live rock and roll band out of New York because it's so mixed in with show biz. Rock and roll isn't really show biz, it's greater than that. It is to me, anyway."

"I mean — that's what most of the New York bands have been about, show business. Certainly the New York Dolls were, no matter how they looked at it. To me, if the Dolls had subtitled their act, "A Parody", they might have made alot of money. They really were funny, you know..."

Those of us who live in New York and attempt to spread the media word about a newly emerging "New York band scene" realize that this scene is still "underground" (remember "underground") which mainly means unrecorded. But we also realize that Tom Verlaine — guiding force and spirit behind Television — is a rare talent, and the music he's making is more interesting, more creative, than half the stuff that's on record these days. No, make that three - quarters...

Listen, he's a *star*. Record company reaction so far seems to agree with that, but they can't get together on the music ... it's either too "weird" for them, or too "sloppy" ... some say TV makes them feel like they're in decadent Germany, others feel that they sound like the early Velvet Underground. All of the above, or none if it, is true. A legitimate attempt was made to bring Eno over here about a year ago to do some demos with the band in a studio; it didn't work out. "Eno is just an experimenter," Verlaine says, "He doesn't have any real fiber about how to do it, he just experiments. Twiddling the dials, so

Fred, Tom, Billy and Richard in concert at CBGB in New York City.

Guillemette Barbet

to speak. He's an intellectual, and I really don't think we are. He thought we were and we're not. I just want a commercial sound. I don't want a record that sounds like an Eno record."

"I heard one of his albums that I liked, but it really sounded alot like a John Cale record. The production was good. So when we went into the studio with him, I thought he'd get that for us, the sound of the guitars and stuff. But he just didn't do it, he got a good drum sound and a fairly good bass sound but he left the guitars sounding like they were in a garage out back and we are primarily a guitar group. I mean it seems as though with us the first thing you'd notice would be the guitar sound, all the energy coming from the guitars."

Tom Verlaine comes from Delaware, where - as he says, "nothing ever happens", and he had a few groups. His real name is Miller; "I just liked the sound of the name Verlaine, it really doesn't have anything to do with poetics."

Tom moved to New York, moved around the Lower East Side alot, worked in a book-store, had various bands and was confused. "I'm still confused, but it doesn't bother me anymore."

"I always just thought if I went out and kept on doing what I was doing musically, it would work out. Like a drummer would come who would compliment what I was doing, or we would find a guy with a loft where we could practice. It's really hard in New York to keep a band together because of the obvious things. There are no places to play ... But frustration is good, I like the pressure. In Delaware there wasn't any pressure, there it was just unconscious survival, no ambition in any form."

Do you think you're ambitious? "Yeah, I'm pretty ambitious. But I'm ambitious in a lot of directions. Ambition to me takes alot of forms, sometime very practical, sometimes spiritual. But all I want is a band that really communicates, a very direct communication. And I know I have an instinct for it, I know I'm good at it. I also know practically what it takes to do that. You just can't go in somewhere and go wham ... you can do that and get a little bit of notoriety or a small following of people who like to see basic expression, but that's all of what it is. I don't think rock is as basic as some people think it is, I think it's very sophisticated, even Elvis. It's totally like passion, and passion takes alot of forms."

"I'm broke and I've been broke for two years, and still I know I have this instinct for it but I knew something was wrong. I knew what was wrong with my band could be intellectually defended, but I could care less about any kind of defense ... because to have to defend it means that something is wrong. So I decided to stand in the middle onstage, since I was doing most of the songs, and that immediately made Richard Hell panic that I was taking over the group. We fought alot, eventually he just wanted to do his own stuff ... so he left."

"In New York everybody goes to check a band out in a bar, they don't go to drink in a bar with a band that just happens to be in the background ... That's pressure. In Delaware a bar band might be there and people would dance, but no one would ever think twice about it. I do think there's a big audience for us, and I think there could be a big audience for us given the right belief from a record company. I mean look at David Bowie ... who would have ever thought an act like he first had would make a million dollars."

"A lot of people wouldn't have believed that at first, but obviously somebody did. Not that we have an "act", but you know what I mean. We don't have any conscious moves at all."

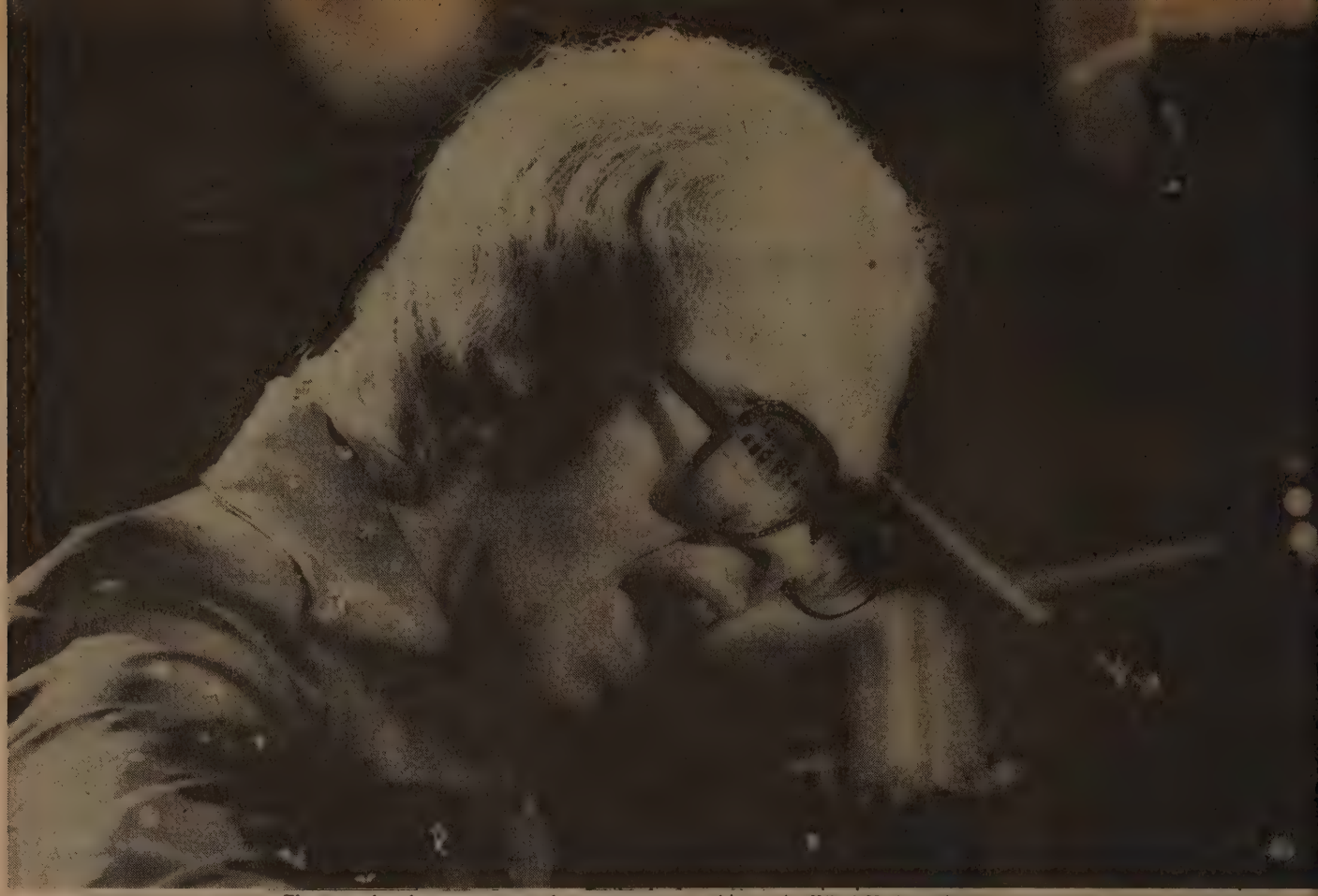
"I guess I feel ... well, I'm sort of dreamy. Onstage I feel I have a certain thing ... everybody in the group is fairly strong, but I think I can get to more people. I guess it's like ambition, just wanting to ... really badly." What about talent?? "Oh yeah, talent. Well, I never thought about talent, but I guess it is ... I really don't think about these things."

"I guess if there's one thing I would like to get across it's that I think we have all the goodness about New York - you know, the thing the old Velvets had, or John Coltraine — that whole element. But we aren't limited by it. It shouldn't be something that closes us in, it's not just a local thing with us."□

"But I don't want to be some little underground sensation, if that's what we are. I want to communicate with the maximum. I really like big stages, I don't like being cramped in a club, I like good sound systems and all that. A lot of people think we're a fan of what we do, it happens that we sound the way we do because we don't have the money to make it sound better."

But here you're defending, and you don't need to, it sounds amazing ... "Yes, well - we really want to do it better, not with stage props or lighting, but just to get the basic thing across. I don't think we're intellectual, and I don't really think we sound like the Velvet Underground ... I don't know, there are about nine things that I think were important in rock and roll ... Elvis, The Who, the Stones ... I've never seen the Who live, but I'll bet they're great. Most of the current bands, the New York bands - well I honestly don't think they have anything new to offer. I think we do." What do you think it is? "Hmmm ... well - that's complicated. I never really *think* about this stuff, so when I'm asked, it's really hard to define. I'd like to try and express as much as I can, about every aspect of everything. I picked rock and roll because I love it. I'm not a great musician, either, I can't play jazz or classical stuff — I just love what rock and roll does."

Would the urgency of your music be removed if you had a better sound system, a recording contract ... "No, I think it would be a relief in a way. I don't think the pressure changes because you get a record contract, I think it probably increases. It's all the same — pressure..."



Elton ... when he gets on stage he concentrates on his music. Why? He loves it.

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ABOUT ELTON JOHN?

by Joseph Rose

Have you heard the rumor about Elton John hiring a piano player? How about the one that he's switching to guitar?

You'll hear a lot of wild tales being spread about Elton after the recent changes in his band. Leaving him were two members who have been with him since the beginning, drummer Nigel Olsson and bassist Dee Murray. Joining were guitarists Jeff (Skunk) Baxter, formerly of Steely Dan and the Doobie Brothers, and Caleb Quaye, formerly of Hookfoot and the Bill Quateman Band; bassist Kenny Passarelli from Barnstorm and drummer Roger Pope from Hookfoot and the Kiki Dee Band.

No wonder the rumors are flying. But the two mentioned above happened to have been started by Elton John himself.

"I just enjoy singing more now," he says, stretching his legs out from the hotel room couch. "You know, I don't get up so much from the piano anymore. I wouldn't mind just getting someone else to play piano and me just sing. I really enjoy singing.

"Because I never used to sing. I mean, I was just a raw beginner when I came to make records, as far as singing goes. And when I listen to, say, 'Levon,' Jesus, it's just awful! And so I'm just trying to use the voice a little bit more. I'd rather just sit down and sing."

Has he been taking any singing lessons? we ask.

"Nah. Just singing more and more and writing harder songs. I try and write songs with big arrangements and ones that need more voice control. There's about three or four really hard songs to sing on the new album. There's one called 'Someone Saved My Life Tonight' which has a tremendous range. It starts off really low and goes up very high, and you have to hold the notes for a long time.

"I've been influenced by a lot of people — like Joni Mitchell — the way they use their voices like instruments. Carl Wilson of the Beach Boys and people like that. I'm very influenced by Carl Wilson. I think as far as singing goes he's got such a great voice. It's just a matter of practicing and singing more. I sing every day, more or less, even if it's just to someone's records. And I'm enjoying singing more than playing, really.

"I'm enjoying writing." Elton pauses to think. "But I enjoy singing really a lot. But I don't think I could have the courage to stand up in front of a microphone and sing. I would feel a little funny standing up there. I did it once on a TV program in England. I was actually standing up singing 'Saturday Night's Alright for Fighting,' and it just didn't make it."

Perhaps that's because you've developed your singing style while sitting at the keyboard all these years, we suggest.

"Well, I sort of do feel really comfortable sitting at the piano and singing. But it's such a drag. It's such a trap, that

Neal Preston

piano. You know, you feel as if you're glued there. And I enjoy playing, but it's just sometimes I really wish I played the guitar. And I'm seriously thinking of really trying to play the guitar and playing it quite well. I mean, even if it's just rhythm.

"Because you're still playing something, but it allows you so much more freedom than being stuck behind something. It's like being stuck behind a bloody theater organ. I've already learned quite a few chords on the guitar, so maybe I'll practice secretly and come out and play a solo. That would blow everybody's mind, ha, ha, ha.

"As far as writing goes, you can always tell people who write songs on guitars and people who write songs on piano, because ... the tunings that you can get on a guitar are so good. And piano — you're just more or less stuck with various chord combinations. But on a guitar you can get some really different things going."

Some guitarists feel just the opposite, we point out. They wish they could write on the piano.

"Well, I mean, I can tell a Joni Mitchell song she's written on the piano, and I can tell one she's written on the guitar. And I think she prefers writing on the piano, actually, but I like her guitar songs, too. It's just the more instruments you play, obviously the better it is for you.

"And I've been very lazy, although I haven't had much time. I should have learned to play another instrument by now. Because, I mean, I'm pretty adept at figuring things out. So I'm gonna really have to, now that we've got more time. We're not rushing around like lunatics anymore. So I really would like to play the guitar. Except my hands are so small. Davey's (Johnstone) hands are so big, and, like, Billy Preston's fingers are about six times as big as mine."

Aren't small hands disadvantageous in piano playing, too, reaching octaves and that sort of thing? Have you seen Arthur Rubinstein's hands, for instance, with those long fingers?

"But have you seen Oscar Peterson's hands?" asks Elton.

"Jesus! That really makes me upset. How can anyone have such stubby little fingers and play so well? Anyhow, I've just got this burning ambition to play the guitar. Who knows?"

Another diversification in Elton's future might be acting in films. "I'm sort of mulling over scripts at the moment," he says. "I'm very fussy and picky. I enjoyed doing the thing in 'Tommy,' which was really only a cameo. Four days it took, but it got me used to filming, getting up at 5:30 in the morning.

"What I'd really love to do is a TV special that's a decent TV special, one without any breaks in it. I mean, you can't get a good TV program in the States because it's just ruined all the time with commercial breaks. But in England it's easy because the BBC (British Broadcasting Corp.) is all right. It's not easy to get a program, but as far as showing a program, there's no adverts. And even on

Bob Gruen

At an early morning press conference for the "Tommy" movie, Elton hides behind sunglasses.

the independent commercial stations, you don't get *that* much advertising at all.

"So I'd really love to put a really good spectacular together. I mean one with just nonstop music. No chat, no rubbish, just like have the Ohio Players on,. followed by Grand Central Station, followed by the Who, followed by me, and so on.

There used to be a program in England called 'Ready, Steady, Go,' which was live. And it was the worst sound and everything, but it was so exciting to watch, because you knew it was happening as you were watching. I'd really like to try and get some of that kind of excitement going. TV has been so unexploited, as far as rock and roll goes.

"We've had talks. In fact, in England last Christmas Eve we did a live show on British TV from the Hammersmith Odeon, which is the first time that's ever been done — live from an actual gig on British television. It's a step in the right direction, because even some of those late rock TV shows here are mimed. And then they're cut up wrong, too."

Although Elton has special plans for films and television, he doesn't plan to change the basic nature of his concert performances. Not for him the elaborate props and effects of Yes or Emerson, Lake & Palmer, even though "Captain Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy" would certainly lend itself to a theme production. "I don't think it will be a special stage show. We'll just sit down and play as usual." This isn't to say that there won't be some changes on Elton's next American tour. He explains that the last tour marked a kind of musical endpoint for one phase of his career, and there will be changes ahead.

"We decided to do some numbers for the last time. We didn't add any new material even though we were dying to play it. We decided not to because it would be so long between it and 'Captain Fantastic' coming out.

"We did two concerts in England in the past year where we did the whole show, both halves. And we wrote down all the songs that we played onstage since 1970, when we first came over, and we did the set like starting with 'Empty Sky,' with the three of us, then bringing Davey on for 'Madman' and then bringing Ray on. And it all sort of built up like that.

"Anyway, we wrote down all the numbers, and we'd played 105 different numbers onstage since then. I said, 'God, we did 'Rotten Peaches' onstage, man.' They said, 'Yeah, I remember doing that.' But I couldn't remember the words, the chords or anything. So we sat down and rehearsed more or less all of them and chose the best ones. And we chose some really out - of - the - way ones to do — things like 'Holiday Inn' and 'Razor Face.' It was great fun.

"So on the last tour we decided to just sort of put a couple of the older ones in, because it was nice to do them, because Davey never used to play them. And just do like 'Honkey Cat' for the last time, hopefully, 'Crocodile Rock' for the last time, and things like that. Because the greatest hits album came out at the same time, and it was like a greatest hits tour. Next time I think it's time to start producing different sorts of numbers. Especially with the scope that we've got within the band now.

"I don't particularly want to play 'Rocket Man' and all that. I know people want to hear them, but you have to sort of say, 'That's enough.' That tour was, more or less, the 'that's - enough' tour. You know, you just can't go around playing your hits forever. Otherwise it gets a bit boring. I enjoy playing, but sometimes it gets to the point where you do want to try something a little different."

The next tour might also see Elton's

Andy Kent

Elton the host poses with Cher after Don Kirshner's Rock Awards Show.

fantastically outrageous costumes toned down a bit. "I don't think the costumes will get any more bizarre than they are now," he says. "The last tour was the flashiest we've ever done. The stage looked nice. It looked as if the kids were getting something for their money. You know, they were paying eight dollars fifty, which I think is really expensive anyway. At least they were seeing a good stage and weren't having to pay $10 to see it, which some acts are charging. I was a bit upset. I'd rather have kept the price down to $7.50.

"But we were trying to give them something for their money. It was the flashiest tour and the biggest one we'd ever done, and I don't think the costumes will get any more outrageous than they were. I don't particularly want them to. I think this next year you'll see a bit of a change going on. I'm pinning a lot of hope on the album changing a lot of things for us, doing all the work for us. As I said, you won't be hearing 'Crocodile Rock' much longer, or 'Honkey Cat' and things like that. It's the end of an era. The 'Yellow Brick Road' album really represented the end of an era. It was a sort of culmination of everything that I'd ever done on record put onto a double album. And I think 'Captain Fantastic' will be sort of, hopefully, the one to sort of change the path a little bit."

Even before "Captain Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy," Elton had changed his path for a short trip to Philly soul with his hit "Philadelphia Freedom."

Elton and Rod Stewart.

Why did he go in this direction? we ask.

"Well, for a start, black music has always been my favorite sort of music. I always played black music when I was even in a semiprofessional band. We were playing Jimmy Witherspoon numbers and Muddy Waters and then Otis Redding and Joe Tex. So it's something that I've always wanted to sort of try on record.

"It's like 'Crocodile Rock,' really. You sort of go in there and try and re-create a sound. And you're only really playing at it, because you can't really re-create that old sound. 'Philadelphia Freedom' is really written as a tribute to the music that's come out of Philadelphia, and also the tennis team of Philadelphia, which Billie Jean King is the coach of. But I mean, there's no way I can sound like the O'Jays, because you can't really have a substitute. They're the real thing, and I'm not. It was just meant as a sincere tribute because I've had so much enjoyment out of all that sort of music. And it was a challenge, too, because I had to sort of sing it right down here (he points to his chest).

"You just have to sort of try and write better things all the time. Some things work, some things don't. It's just that you're always looking for that eternal high in the studio or on the stage. They're two different things. In the studio, it's far more tense than on stage. On stage it tends to be very loose, and you never know what's going to happen. But in the studio, you just jump around if you hit something that you think is fantastic. You play it back 10 or 12 times straight away because you are just getting this rush all the time. But after a while, it wears off, so you just look for something else that'll give you that feeling. It's very hard to put into words."

Not really, Elton. Your words could be the words of a drug addict, hooked on a death trip. You sound hooked, too, but on music and life. And when you reach that eternal high, it should be the hit record of all time.□

Elton's Band - 1976 -

"RAY DAVIES CALLS US HARRY SMITH..."

STEVEN TYLER AND AEROSMITH
They Don't Do Anything Wrong

by Lisa Robinson

Lee Black Childers

The band photographed before a Detroit concert.

The girl next to me in the 747 bound for Los Angeles grabbed my arm excitedly. "Guess who's on our plane," she gasped, "MICK JAGGER!!" Oh no, I thought, as I turned to see Steven Tyler settling into his seat, what a perfect beginning for my Aerosmith story. Except they'll never believe it....

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"You know, it really pisses me off," Tyler said as we somewhat drunkenly chatted our way to L.A. "I mean this bit about me and Jagger. I don't know, I guess I look like him from far away, but I don't think it has to do with anything. I mean for a writer to compare us, to put it in a story, they must not have anything else to write ... I really think it's a load of shit."

Aerosmith. For alot of people these days, the reaction is "who are they and where did they come from?" I'll bet they're outselling Bruce Springsteen in the disc department hand over fist, but even though there's something happening here .... well, if the men don't know, the little girls surely understand. The band - Tyler on vocals, Joe Perry on guitar, Brad Whitford - guitar, Joey Kramer on drums, and Tom Hamilton on bass, have been together for about four years now, have three gold albums to their credit, and have just performed at Madison Square Garden as special guest act on a Black Sabbath (BLACK SABBATH??) bill.

New York, which has always been a particularly tough town for Aerosmith, gave them a rousing reception. The party at the posh St. Regis afterwards was nothing special, alot of ravenous rock writers hovering around the teensy hors d'oeuvres ("Are you *sure* they aren't bringing out platters of ham? Roast beef?," one queried anxiously) ... but notable for the amount of Columbia Records brass present. Prexy Irwin Segelstein in a suit (he had worn a safari jacket to the Paul Simon party earlier that week: "If you want to read something into that, go ahead," he laughed), radio promotion men, and Aerosmith's *relatives* ... all posing for the mandatory bar mitzvah photos with their respective member of the band.

Oh, and Linda Blair. Success? "Oh listen," Tyler said the next day on the plane, "I know what people are going to make out of that ... I can see it now. But she's really cool, I liked her. She's actually pretty smart, and knows exactly what she's doing."

Chitchat gossip aside, we get down to some serious talk about Aerosmith, and Steven's hopes, plans, dreams and ambitions. *Why* - rock and roll? "Girls, cars, money..." he trails off (except he said it a bit racier than that). Oh. "Well, really, in a more serious vein ... that is part of it. But you can't really just write that ... I don't have that much fun on the road anymore. You know, I'd like to ball everything I see ... well, not *everything*, but at least once a day. But I've had the grunt twice, and so now I don't .. you really have to be careful. So where is the fun anymore??"

Ummmm ... "I'll tell you what's fun," Tyler warms to the subject. "It's finding the right stewardess .. having them take you to the back of the plane. Have you ever done it in the bathroom of a plane?? You come so fast, it's the greatest .. just the very fact that you know you might get caught.." Uh, the music .. the band .. "Yeah, well, it's like writing a song, and bringing it to the band. You hear what you sat down and tinkered at the piano with, coming through all those amps. You know, you don't come when you put it in .. it's a building to a climax. The Beatles were great at that, they did it very tastefully. Sounds like I'm pushing a sex number here, doesn't it?," Tyler laughed. "I guess to me I suppose it is."

(I always thought that was what rock and roll was supposed to be about ... but these days, you could fool me..) "But the people who consider us an overnight success ... hah. Some people still tell us we should put "Dream On" out as a single. All those people who didn't believe in us at the beginning .. I mean we've had to take more shit ... overnight success, indeed. I really hate alot of those people, and there's no way I can get back at them. But the kids know..."

"You know, when I was younger I used to listen to those New York radio stations," Tyler continued, "ABC, WMCA, and they always had those great songs. The pick of the weeks, whatever. They always got the numbers out. And I know what I'm putting out, I like .. So I

The band in 1973 ... sunny afternoon in Boston.

figure that they're gonna like it." Aha, finger on the pulse of teenage America ... "Yeah, well, I remember the first time, I think it was probably in Boston, when I came out onstage and it just really clicked. I knew, I knew they were digging what I was doing." What is it that you think you're doing that no one else is, why *is* Aerosmith so big? "I can't answer that. I can say that I think we're really rocking *out,* and nobody's really doing it. People are getting dressed up for a masquerade, doing this, and doing that ... but nobody's just fucking *rocking out."*

Aerosmith have been rocking out to a non-stop tune for the better part of three years: Steven claims that he flies nearly every day (more about that later) - (he even has to put three coats of moisturizer on his face in the morning to prevent from in-flight skin dryness and eventual crows feet...) from one gig to another. A recent "vacation" allowed them two weeks off to return to their homes around Boston and play with their cars. "Sometimes I think this is ruining me," Steven said earnestly. "What — I don't want to get married and have kids?? I'd make them insane though, the way I'm living now. But I definitely want a little me. Before I get too messed up. Because I sit in front of the color TV, I listen to all that noise ... god knows what the decibel level is onstage, what is that

Steve grabs for the mike as he gets back to a vocal

Lee Black Childers

doing? And what do I eat on the road, you know?" What do your parents think of all this, your mother was at the Madison Square Garden show. "In the front row," he smiles. "She loves it, she's always on my side. I said to her - this was way back then, just to show you what an asshole I used to be — I said 'mom, we're gonna have to move out of this house, the kids are going to be all over the place...' My father is a professional musician, he's a piano player ... teaches, plays classical. I grew up on piano, and so the whole thing just came so natural, it was easy, to get involved with music for me."

Discussing the albums, Steven asserts, "Everything we did, everything we're doing, is on that first album. The last one is smooth, the edges are all cut out, but we're not a band that puts track on track - you know? Bob Ezrin heard our first album and thought we needed alot of work, which we did, but dig it, we're honest. I mean who needs all that sweet shit. And I've heard from so many people that they dig our first album better than the last one, just for that very fact. I miss playing instruments very much. I play on the albums, guitar .. a little drums here and there .. but I definitely miss that. It's something to do ... there are alot of dead spots up there. So I just hide behind my scarves..." Ah, scarves. Why the scarves? "I usually don't answer that. I don't know. I had a scarf on once, and I wrapped it around the microphone. It looked good ... it's nice to hide behind, and to whip around. I've put these weighted fish hooks on them, like little balls to hold them down - because we have fans onstage 'cause of the heat. Actually, I should take them off ... the kids all grab them."

"It might all be a little more fun if things weren't so hectic," Steven said, "If we have more time we can cut more albums, maybe do one live, and then really take off..." Take off more time? "No .. just take off in whatever direction..."

We were only picking at the lunch being served, but the stewardess confesses to me later that she was so impressed at how *polite* Tyler was. ("They're usually not like that," she whispers, and I assume she was referring to rockstars. Steven looks nervous about flying, and I tell him he chose the wrong person to come and sit next to. "Hey ... when is it going to happen?," he aks, philosophically. "I'm on a plane every day for three years. Flying first class, big deal .. All that means is that it'll hit first." (WHY ARE WE TALKING ABOUT THIS, I SHRIEK..) "That's why I keep this tape recorder with me," he says, "at takeoff and landing, I have my finger right on the button ... in case my last words have to go on it."

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The jet jag has taken its toll, and although we're supposed to finish the "interview" over dinner several hours later, neither of us is really up for it. We sit overlooking Sunset Strip, noticing the "Helen Reddy's Greatest Hits" sign on Tower Records and "Welcome Aerosmith" on the car rental shop across the street. Aerosmith have sold out the 18,000 seat Forum for the following night (with Mott and Montrose on the bill) and Steven is exhausted. He picks at a salad, asks them to wrap it up so he can take it back to the hotel ... "I feel like an old shoe," he says. "You know .. sometimes I'll be looking out at the audience and I'll be in the middle of a song and I'll just stop dead. I'll look out at them, and think what is this ... There's one thing that keeps me doing it though, I really love it, I believe in it."

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There was something about Aerosmith at the Forum the next night that made me think of Led Zeppelin. That band came here in the late 1960's, played what was termed "heavy metal rock" and nobody understood what was happening. Nobody, that is, except the kids. They built a following ... a *huge* following by ... rocking out ... And Aerosmith really has nothing to do with any Jagger/Richards-Tyler/Perry comparison, and the accusations they've received of being *derivative* is irrelevant as well. They do what they do, and they don't do anything wrong. They're the second biggest rock group breaking in America today, and I won't discuss the first at this time. Steven Tyler knows exactly what to do with a microphone, and the more I think about it, it's *very* similar to what happened with Zeppelin in this country when no one wanted to know...

And so - the party afterward in the Forum Club attracted whatever there is to attract in L.A. Former New York Doll Arthur Kane in red patent leather and with his new band was there. So was Maria Schneider who gave Burton Cummings her phone number. Bill Graham and Zep's Richard Cole were there to bring the prestige up a bit, and the whole LA sleaze/scene was out in full force. Steven Tyler stood with his lady Julia and just winked. Joe Perry sat down with his wife, Elissa - who looks like an adorable 18 year old and talked earnestly about getting into photography. Ace road manager Kelly ran around making sure everyone was taken care of, and the band looked tired. The next day would take them to San Francisco...then Seattle, Portland .. it was one of those quick "West Coast jaunts". But the highlight had to be the Forum — you don't sell out California's biggest arena as fast as Aerosmith did and not get noticed.

"Persistance, youth and attrition among the front runners, rather than any distinctive musical style or extraordinarily exciting image, seem responsible for the continued prominence of Aerosmith in the heart of the teenage rock audience, which has apparently transcended the threshold of boredom."

L.A. Times review of Forum concert

I seem to remember reviews like that years ago .. of The Who, the Stones, Zeppelin .. you name them ... And still, the little girls know...

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What would you like to do onstage, I asked Steven. "What would I really like to do onstage? ... I think I'm doing it now," he said.□

QUEEN

by Lisa Robinson

SMASH THE U.S. WITH BRITISH FLASH

More lavish stage shows upcoming?

"Queen ... oh the English Queen, well that single of theirs was really good, fantastic production. You know I thought they were quite something. They must have had quite a bit of potential apart from the immediate ... they were immediately sort of acclaimed by the younger kids, so therefore there was some stigma about them. But then they put this record out and they gained so much respect. I think they're going to turn out to be really good."

— Robert Plant
February, 1975

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What's this? The entire Avery Fisher Hall has been turned into a high school auditorium? The scene really resembles something from "Rock Around The Clock" ... thousands of Queen fans are ready to *rock and roll,* throwing paper airplanes, stomping, cheering, lighting mini-flares and waiting for the concert to begin. It's Queen's return to New York, and they obviously have had enough fans to sell out two special Valentine's Day concerts - this is the first of the two, and the kids are impatient. Mahogany Rush was to have opened the show, but they couldn't get to the gig on time, so some folk singer had to fill in, poor guy. Anyway, it was obvious that Queen's tour last year, cut short due to Brian May's hepatitis, had made an impact. "Sheer Heart Attack" didn't hurt either.

"The nasty Queenies are back!", shouted Freddie Mercury as the band stormed onstage; Freddie in his Zandra Rhodes white satin top, stalking and promenading around the stage for all he was worth. A fan handed him a bouquet of white flowers, kids were up on their feet already. (Having not seen him in person before, I was struck by how Freddie, along with Carly Simon, Joni Mitchell and quite possibly Mick Jagger - was another candidate for my special "OVERBITE" issue of Hit Parader ... Also, I'm not too crazy about hairy chests in rock and roll, even though it certainly hasn't hurt Elton...).

ANYWAY ... smoke is coming from the stage to the audience, and I turn to photog Leee Black Childers to ask if he knows what the name of the song playing is. "Are you kidding, darling? Smoke Gets In Your Eyes ..." Oh. It actually sounded like "Flick Of The Wrist" or "Tenement Funster" - one of those from "Sheer Heart Attack" that sounded like Bowie, but I could be wrong. Anyway, the sound was good - the entire stage production dramatically effective, (although the band was to complain later that there were lots of little things wrong and they couldn't take the same kind of effects with them that they do in England, but all bands do that) and Freddie's stage presence was simply overwhelming. "Stone Cold Crazy", in particular, brought kids down to the front of the stage, the ushers had to keep moving them back. Queen did a medley of four songs from "Sheer Heart Attack"; in addition to "Killer Queen" they performed "In The Lap Of The Gods" (with Freddie at piano — very grand) and I swear this sounds exactly like "Something Wonderful" from "The King And I" to *me.* Then ... all of a sudden it became apparent that the dry ice/smoke machine is not working properly. A mixture of smoke and dry ice slowly came rolling out to the front rows of the audience, completely camouflaging the band in the process. I think it's a riot, a boy in front of me puts

up an umbrella, I also notice that someone on the aisle next to me is totally slumped over in a stupor.

Freddie comes back after a long Brian May guitar solo, dressed in a white satin jumpsuit slit down the middle; midway through the concert he changes into a black version of the same ensemble. Plus one black satin glove, the nails done up in rhinestones. Very flashy.

Two encores were demanded of Queen; the first was, to my mind, the best song of the evening, "Hey Big Spender" from "Sweet Charity" (Freddie's obviously into Broadway) and the second - "Jailhouse Rock". I guess rock and roll had to end the night...

Two days later I spoke with Freddie Mercury in his Plaza Hotel suite. He had been asleep most of the day, feeling a bit taken with the flu, and after a long bath he said he "felt as if I'd come back to life." Recalling the New York shows he said, "I was very pleased about the concerts, the second show was even better. We did about four in a row, you see, two the night before in Boston, and then the two in New York. I was worried about where I would get the energy, to be honest. I thought the crowd was amazing, much better than the last time we were here. They were so ... chuffed." What? "Oh, sorry. It's an English expression meaning ... well, pleased."

"You know we had to come over here and do it the way we wanted to do it. Last time was a breaking the ice tour, but there were a few setbacks. Yet we still managed to do a month and we got a taste of America, I think we knew what was needed. There's no way you can show the public what you can do unless you headline. When you support there are so many restrictions ... you don't get your light show, your playing time, your effects. We're not using the same lights that we use back home, but they're similar effects. Ideally we would take everything on the road with us, but it's too expensive. It's very expensive as it is, the entourage is pretty huge."

I ask him about his clothes, his makeup, — who takes care of it? "Well," he smiled, "here I've been pretty much doing it myself. Sometimes when it's hectic, like at the Rainbow in London, we had a special makeup lady, and that's nice when you're sort of doing interviews at the same time. Just to lean back and have someone else do it." What kind of makeup do you wear? "Oh," he laughs, "well ... what I put on is sort of ... Revlon ... "Touch and Glow". It's very, very basic." What color? "It's toasted beige, actually ... Trust you to ask me that!"

"That's about all I do though," he continued. "I use an eyebrow pencil for me eyes, but then a makeup chick does it, she uses a whole lot of trash. The others in the band just use some theatrical stuff ... they just slap it on to cover the lack of sleep."

I wondered if Freddie felt burdened bearing much of the visual responsibility onstage ... "Well no, I enjoy it. I enjoy cavorting around. It's a part of me that comes out onstage. I'd hate just siting on a stool or standing still in front of a microphone. That's the kind of rock band we are anyway, there are dark and light sides ... sometimes I enjoy sitting at the piano, but basically we are a hard rock band."

What about the, errr ... smoke machine. "Oh, don't talk about that! It's a dry ice and smoke thing, and you know sometimes with dry ice the heat from the lights prevents it from rising. See, this is one of the things I'm annoyed about, and that is that we couldn't bring over the kinds of finishing touches we have at home. The light board we have at home is better, and the smoke machine, and the flares that go off at the end ... I sound like I'm making excuses, aren't I?? Well ... yeah, but it's understandable. Although, it still all seemed to work. I just thought it funny that all the writers were in the front few rows when the smoke machine went berserk. "Well how do you think *I* feel every day?? I've got to sing through that fog!"

"Another thing is I've had some voice trouble, you must have detected that. It's just the hazards of being on the road. My voice can only take so much, and especially on the evenings when we do two shows. But we only add the second one when we sell out, and you don't complain if you sell out."

Andy Kent

Queen's Freddie Mercury ... this year's superstar.

"It's so frustrating when that happens, because you want to make the high notes, and you know you can, but you're singing an octave lower because you don't want to chance it and croak. The other night I opened my mouth and nothing came out. But what can you do, you can't hide it ... And I'm taking all the pills - lemon and honey every half hour." So you're not having much fun on this tour? "Well, you know - I'm making the best of it."

"This is the second time we've been here and we're going to the West Coast for the first time." Uh-oh. "I'm looking foward to it - actually, I'm saving myself for that," he laughs. "I've also never been to Miami, although I've heard that it's all old age pensioners there ... is that true? Sort of macabre, isn't it? To think of them all going there to die ... sort of dropping off in the sun..."

Discussing how Queen have been treated at home, and the comparisons we've heard to Led Zeppelin's early response, Freddie said, "Well, I think that the press in England have come through for us, although they're very fickle - and I tell them that to their faces. Our fans are such a cross section that you wouldn't believe it. Last tour we had from the little ones, about fourteen and fifteen year olds, to the mums and dads. I think we proved our versatility with "Sheer Heart Attack" ... and now daughters are sort of bringing their mums with them to see us. Mums go for "Lily Of The Valley" and "Killer Queen", and then we have the other side to fall back on — the "Stone Cold Crazy" types. Which is very good, because we don't want to limit our music to anybody. I don't think we can be categorized, because we come up with such weird albums."

"As for Zeppelin, I think in the early days we were definitely compared to them ... maybe we were disliked in the press in the early days because they couldn't put their fingers on us, and that happened to them as well. Also, people say that the same sort of buzz is happening with us here as did with them their first time around. But I think now, especially at home, that we've been accepted as having a sound of our own, and in the press there are alot of new bands that they say sound like us....."

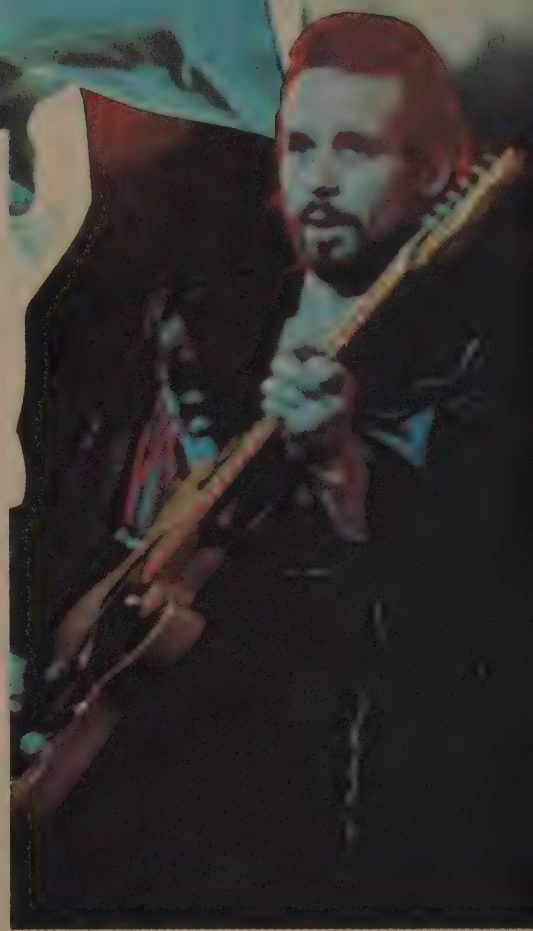
Whose decision was it to do that marvelous "Big Spender" onstage? "Oh," Freddie laughs, "it was my idea entirely. I like that approach to entertainment, I like that cabaretish sort of thing. I *adore* Liza Minelli, I think she's a wow."

"It does appeal to me," he added, "the thought of doing more lavish, stage type things, but somehow I would like to combine it with the group, not divorce it from it. And that's a difficult thing, because you've got to approach the others with it and convince them that it's going to work. My god, you have no idea how long it took me to convince them to do "Big Spender"..."

We chat a bit more about clothes: "I used to wear the white top for half the show, but it's really the kind of thing you have to *portray,* and you can't do rock and roll numbers in that! I have fun with my clothes, but I would like to think that it's sort of tasteful, I would hate to just shove it on. Dressed to kill in a tasteful sense....."

We talk about where the band can go that night in New York City, now that Max's Kansas City is closed, there isn't very much. Of course, dancing at Le Jardin is always good, then there's this *marvelous* Gilded Grape ... all Puerto Rican drag queens and waiters dressed as sailors ... "Oh, it's definitely the Gilded Grape, then," Freddie laughed.□

A CHAT WITH BRYAN



His entrances are always perfect, the scene immaculately set. One arrives at Bryan Ferry's Holland Park townhouse and is led in by a magnificent creature; "Siren" cover girl Gerry Hall. (I later asked Bryan if he always became romantically involved with Roxy's cover girls, recalling both Amanda Lear and Kari-Ann who had graced earlier LP covers. "No comment," he laughed in the best Hollywood tone of voice his English accent could muster.)

Anyway, back to the entrance. Gerry Hall, with long flowing blonde hair and pale lavender matte jersey, smiles a big Texas smile and leads the way upstairs to one of the white art deco reception rooms. Prominently displayed is the Dom Perignon in silver bucket and at least six vases of long-stemmed roses. Everywhere is a pinup of some sort; there's Kari-Ann of the first Roxy LP cover on one wall, Warhol's Marilyn on the other. Kim Novak is framed in silver on a table and at least two portraits of the host are in evidence. Is Mr. Ferry mocking himself and his tastes? I think not, I'm sure he's perfectly at ease in such spotless, stylish surroundings. The treasures are carefully selected and this is a house that any stage struck creature would immediately sympathize with. I felt right at home.

Lest we forget, the new "Siren" lp was blaring forth from speakers in an adjacent room. "I'll just tell Bryan you're here," Gerry breathes and I'm left alone to listen to the new music. As Roxy's music has consistently sounded better to me with each album, I am pleased to hear so soon the disc the band had just finished the night before. I especially like the beginning of "Love is the Drug", with it's Grade B-TV music, Peter Gunn type theme, at the beginning. I sit quietly on the white couch, glad I'm wearing a beige gabardine forties suit and can so easily blend into the picture...

Bryan dashes in, the perfect touch to the perfect room, and I wish him happy birthday. How old? ... Somehow, I forgot the answer. (Don't worry, it wasn't that old...) Sure, I'll have some champagne ... even though I've been up all night, have jet lag ... Bryan's birthday guests arrive: Mark Fenwick, Roxy's enthusiastic manager, Antony Price, Bryan's clothes designer ... dressed in black, including long leather gloves.

Bryan and I sneak away after he's opened a few gifts to chat about the new lp, and Roxy's plans for America. "As usual, this album is just an extension of things we've done on other albums,"

Bryan asserted. "It's just a hell of alot better, I think, than the other ones. Obviously at this stage, - we just finished it last night - I can't be too objective about it. But I felt that way all through it, that this would be better than the others. I've said that about every album, of course, you tend to get very excited about what you're doing. You always think it's better - but with this one I always knew it was a kind of big step forward somehow."

"We're doing all of the new album in our show, a couple of songs from my solo albums ... Andy and Phil will each do one from their solos. Sort of a compromise ... and we're going to have a couple of girls along to sing backup vocals as well. I don't know if we'll bring them to America, we'll see how it works out on the English tour. I've done so many vocal parts on this album, at least two or three on each track, and it would be impossible to do that onstage ... you'd need extra voices. Since most of the backing vocals are high falsetto voices, girls will be good. I just want this tour to sound really good you know..."

"We'll be in America November, right after the English tour, and I guess we'll do alot of dates there. I want to play places we've never been to before; places like Texas, the South ... I wish we could do it on trains though, like in "Some Like It Hot"..."

"Ever since I saw you last I've been working," Bryan continued. "We went to Australia, New Zealand, Japan, and came back to go straight into doing the album. Now we have to go right on tour. But I feel good about going back to America now, because the last time we went it was nice. I mean we didn't get huge, mammoth sort of Led Zeppelin or Stones kind of audiences, but we filled English-sized halls, and that was nice. I only hope that this album will do well; "Country Life" was in the Top forty and I feel that this can do better. I can imagine this one doing alot better because I can sort of hear all the tracks being played on the radio there. Not that it was specifically designed for it, but it has a real kind of force behind it."

Ummmm, one "serious" question, Bryan ... "Uh-oh," he laughed. In relation to what you're doing Musically, Visually, do you still feel comfortable with it; or do you feel that you're locked into some kind of pose? "Not at all. I meant the visual things I've done on my solo albums, or promotional films with me in a dinner jacket singing "You Go To My Head" to a slinky Kari-Ann, well those things have capsulated *that* kind of thing very clearly. And now, after doing that, after doing that kind of a smooth and polished record, I can be free to go the other way. The Roxy record is an entirely different thing. It's much more kind of ... macho, it's not that smooth image. Obviously whenever the national press or whoever want to run a picture of me they're going to have me in the black tie, because you know they're usually 18 months behind the times or something. They're just getting into that. If that's the way they want to see me, I'm prepared to do that. But when it comes to doing a roxy tour, I'm doing it for a much more advanced audience, and I can do what I want."

Is it within a rock and roll context? "Of course it is, because there's a beat in the music. But what is a rock and roll context? It can be anything you want it to be ... And those kids in Cleveland really like what I do, so there's still hope." Are you doing what you always wanted to do? "Yes, I think so. And I find that I have freedom all the time to do what I want and to change. Any constrictions that I feel are self-made, so they can be self-destroyed, or broken down, and changed."

"The only problem is if the audience can't change, and expects to see the same thing. If they have to stick to the same image, and don't understand what I'm trying to do ... well, they have to change with me. I feel I'm changing all the time, I have a very catholic, wide taste ... and so on an album, I can do alot of different things. I'm quite happy doing what I am, quite happy feeling what I'm doing is me."□

BOB DYLAN'S ROLLING THUNDER REVIEW

Happy Birthday, America

By Lisa Robinson

The scene is backstage, or in a hotel room — somewhere in England, 1965. Bob Dylan is talking to a girl after one of his shows: "How'd you like the show," he asks. "Well - I liked your part very much," she answers, "but I don't like The Band much." "Well," he smiled, "I have to give my friends work, don't I?"

— from "Eat The Document"
film made by Howard Ork and Dylan of UK tour for TV

* * *

Waterbury, Connecticut is only two hours out of New York City but it is smack in the heart of America; Holiday Inns and fast food Jack in the Box stands dot the highways. The Palace Theater, literally on East Main Street, is like any old cinema ... funky and once fabulous ... in any town. It sure is weird to see "The Rolling Thunder Revue" on the marquee, with the names of Bob Dylan and Joan Baez, just like that. Of course it's only on two sides of the marquee, the other features the announcement of the impending arrival of The Kinks, Richie Blackmore's Rainbow, and Kiss. The Palace is opposite a Woolworth's, next to the Hotel Palace, and Veneziano's Market ... real ordinary. A far cry from the huge arenas where Dylan performed two years ago ... when you had to send in for a lottery chance of getting a ticket.

Mind you, I've never dropped dead at the sound of Bob Dylan's name, or voice, but I immediately warmed to the idea of this show. The atmosphere at this theater particularly, was intimate; (obviously lots of other critics and music industry people wanted to see the show in Waterbury for just that reason, there were many familiar faces among the 3000 seat audience.). The "Rolling Thunder Revue" curtain was already rolled up to reveal the band ... T-Bone Burnette, (guitar), "Rockin' "Rob Stoner (bass), Mick Ronson (guitar), David Mansfield (slide guitar, dobro, fiddle), Howie Wyeth (drums), Steve Soles (guitar), Luther Rocks (percussion) ... and through my opera glasses I could clearly see Ronnee Blakely sitting to the side of the stage in a rocking chair, rocking in time to the music..

The assembled musicians did some numbers together ... country type rockers, and then they all did solo bits. The show is nothing if not democratic; Rob Stoner did a song called "Catfish", Mick Ronson did "Life on Mars" (*not* Bowie's "Life on Mars" from "Hunky Dory" LP). Ronno - I must say this now, was not at all out of place as I thought he would be. He's totally at ease with these musicians, and playing better than I've ever seen him do with anyone (including you - know - who). He's an attractive addition to this lineup, and for the first time that I can remember — is his exact height. (There's not a platform boot in sight on this tour.) Ronno must be relieved to be able to come onstage wearing just a black shirt (open almost to the chest of course) and jeans; he also seems ecstatic at the obvious rapport he has with Dylan. (Dylan, in fact, seems to depend on him quite a bit ... turns around to look at Ronno, smiles, etc...) Bobby Neuwirth, who was in good spirits and acting as MC, sort of, introduced Ronson as "someone we stole from England" and added, "and David Bowie didn't write 'Life on Mars' - it was written by Roscoe West."

Someone in the audience yelled out "BOB DYLAN.." and Neuwirth cracked, "Yeah ... well, he's in your wallet," and in-

Photos by Bob Gruen

troduced Ronnee Blakely. "We found her in a bar and took her with us ... she looks good too." Unfortunately, she doesn't sound that great ... and although she does a song with Neuwirth that's okay (something he dedicated to Darry Poons and Sandy Bull — oh, is *this* folk heaven here), she then goes to the piano to do one of her own songs ... I swear it sounded like she said the title was "Guam". Is this possible? Whatever - it was too loud, too hoarse, and not over soon enough for me.

Next: "I wrote this song for a girl once, and I'm playing her guitar tonight ... so since she couldn't be here we're gonna do it for her," Neuwirth said, and they went into "Mercedes Benz", the song Bobby wrote for Janis Joplin. And then ... Neuwirth sang a song about Ramblin Jack and then Ramblin Jack Elliot came out, wearing the usual denims (everybody wore denims, need I mention that?) and cowboy hat that he has been wearing for the past twenty years. He sang two folk songs ... "Good Morning Captain", I think, and some Woody Guthrie song ... It wasn't boring, it was kind of sweet to see the man who Dylan imitated in the beginning getting a chance to play for a real audience. Then ... all the musicians trooped back onstage and did "Salt Pork/West Virginia" ... Roger McGuinn (who is a dead ringer for Roy Hollingworth) ambled out and joined in on banjo for "Ramblin Boy".

And then ... you knew HE was coming on, because the movie cameramen stood up and focused on the stage. "DYLAN!!", someone yelled, and Neuwirth snarled, "Yeah ... he'll be here in a minute" and there he was. The audience cheered, but not too hysterically, he was sort of just like another musician who just wandered in, except of course he wasn't. Wearing a cowboy hat, jeans, vest, scarf - and flowers in the hat, he and Neuwirth sang "When I Paint My Masterpiece" together, joking, laughing at each other, trading lines back and forth. A cha-cha (really) version of "It Ain't Me Babe" followed, and Dylan has more energy this time around than he did on that tour two years ago with The Band; he was bending down in his knees in *not* the most attractive pose, but really getting into his song. The cameras that were so closely focused on him really weren't that much of an intrusion on what was essentially a low-key concert, one can't blame them for wanting to get this preserved.

Then I noticed ... was it possible that Bob Dylan was wearing *blue eyeshadow* and black eyeliner??? Yes, it was and he was. Although without the dead white face makeup he's painted on for most of the tour dates so far, Bob indeed did have that Maybelline on his eyes ... maybe for the cameras??

"Hard Rain's Gonna Fall" was next, and it was not totally unlike Bryan Ferry's arrangement, to tell the truth. All throughout his numbers, Dylan obviously led the music, forced it on by tapping his feet, turning and facing the musicians alot (especially Ronson), broke into smiles occasionally — and always, and most striking - gave out with this incredible energy. "We're gonna dedicate this next song to Sam Peckinpah," Dylan said, and Scarlett Rivera - the gypsy looking violinist (she's amazing, stands utterly still and has hair down to her waist) joined them for one of those Mexicano-type songs....lots of fiesta, cantina ... Bobby Neuwirth jumping around like he was doing a Mexican hat dance.

"Isis" - a great new song (to be included on the next Dylan LP) followed, and Dylan sang it without the guitar. (Patti Smith had told me that when he told her he wanted to perform some numbers on this tour without his guitar, he didn't know what to do with his hands. "Do what I do," she instructed, making her hands into fists and rolling them in time to the music. "People will think I'm imitating you," he said. "Well ... so what?," she replied, "I've been imitating you for ten years.") Anyway, he looked slightly awkward without the guitar, but the tension added to the song: he was practically *dancing* to it.

After a twenty minute intermission (where vendors sold psychedelic t-shirts and carnations in the lobby as well as popcorn and candy ... no liquor was allowed inside the hall at all), you heard the voices of Joan Baez and Bob Dylan singing "Blowin in the Wind" together. The curtain rolled up and there they were - America's 1960 sweethearts singing what some people here consider a national anthem. While it's never been one of my favorite numbers, it was kind of special to listen to them sing it ... very strong voices, nice feeling between them. Of course, Joan *was* a bit maternal, wiping his brow, arm around him, smiling at him benevolently in exactly the same way it's been described she does at every concert — I could have lived without that. Bob seemed to take it in his stride. They did several ballads together - including the great "Never Let Me Go" written by Johnny Ace, and they sang "I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine". Then ... "this is for Richard Manuel," Bob said, and "I Shall Be Released" ended the duet-set. "Bob will be back," Joan said - but not soon enough. She proceeded to do about eight songs ... and I suppose it depends on how much of a Baez fan you are as to your reaction. I liked "Diamonds and Rust" - her song about Dylan, I could have easily lived without the fifteen minute a cappella version of "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" which she's been doing for fifteen years. Her Lily Tomlin impersonations (of Lily Tomlin characters which are *themselves* impersonations) were completely ridiculous, ... after a few more the band came back and she did "Long Black Veil" with them and "Please Come to Boston" ... finally introduced Roger McGuinn who sang "Chestnut Mare."

Then ... *then*, Joan went and whispered in McGuinn's ear, he smiled and said sarcastically, "Joan says I can do 'Eight Miles High' tonight, thank you Joan." (I must say, the Cobra woman aspect of Baez's personality has been well-known to those who really know her, for a long time; it was out in full force this night. She wasn't about to let go of that stage easily.) And so ... in what otherwise would have been a truly magnificent "Eight Miles High" ... JOAN BAEZ GOT UP, AND RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE MOVIE CAMERAS, RIGHT NEXT TO ROGER McGUINN, SHE DID THE FUNKY CHICKEN. Yes, the funky chicken done just like the way your parents tried to The Twist. The single most embarrassing thing on this, or any other show, I have ever seen. Cringe.

Oh well. "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" was next, (Joan *still* wouldn't get off the stage) ... finally ... Dylan returned. He's no fool, no one had any doubt as to who was the Star here, and he really had the audience wanting more of him. Bob came out alone and sat on a stool to sing "A Simple Twist of Fate" — cheers, of course, every time he would start to play the harmonic which is something I've *never* understood. Scarlett Rivera and Rob Stoner joined him for "Oh Sister", and then he introduced his single with this, "This is about a man who got transferred today - from one prison to another," and they did "Hurricane". Ronnee Blakely was back to join in on harmonies, and she looked as if she was having difficulty standing. She also would stick her head in between Rob Stoner and Steve Solves to sing, and looked very much like the girl - the - boys - wouldn't - let - play - with - them.

"This is an underground song," Dylan said mysteriously, and sang something new that I think is called "Another Cup of Coffee" and then did "Sarah" - the incredibly shattering love song to his wife ... ("Staying up for days in the Chelsea Hotel ... writing 'Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands' for you ... Sarah, Sarah, whenever we travel, we're never apart"). All the musicians (except Joan and McGuinn) return for "Just Like a Woman" ... McGuinn comes back for "Knockin' on Heaven's Door", and then everyone — including Allen Ginsberg and *David Blue* who we haven't seen all night luckily, are onstage for "This Land Is Your Land", a corny, but fitting finale. No encore ... three and a half hours of music finished.

I would have liked to see some of my more favorite Dylan material, in thinking back on this show ... songs like "Leopard Skin PillBox Hat", "Sad Eyed Lady", "Positively Fourth Street", but such is Dylan's talent and strength that his repertoire is so vast, that he could never possibly do all his material. He does change the songs nightly, and what he does accomplish most of all, is he leaves the audience - even after all that time - wanting more of him. It's a very American show, mostly American music ... and mostly *white* American music ... (There are no blacks in sight...) rock, country, folk. And - for him to have done it in this year of our bicentennial seems very appropriate indeed.□

HIT PARADER

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HOLDIN' ON TO YESTERDAY

(As recorded by Ambrosia)

DAVID PACK
JOE PUERTA

Well, I keep holdin' on to yesterday
I keep holdin' on, enough to say that I'm wrong
I keep thinkin' that I'm lonely
But, it's only missing you inside
Days that we were once together
Seems will never come alive
So, I keep holdin' on to yesterday
I keep holdin' on, enough to say that it's wrong
Lord, I don't know when I'll see you
I can't reach you anymore
Well, if I'd only known I'd need you
Then I'd keep you like before
I keep holdin' on to yesterday
I keep holdin' on enough to say
That I'm wrong, wrong, wrong
To keep holdin' on, my yesterdays have all gone by.

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IF I EVER LOSE THIS HEAVEN

(As recorded by Average White Band)

LEON WARE
PAM SAWYER

If you're foolin', only foolin'
All I ask is why
If you're playin' all I'm sayin' is feelin's sure can lie.

Oh if I ever lose this heaven
If I ever, ever, ever lose this heaven
Oh I'll never be the same
Oh, oh if I ever lose this heaven
Baby, baby if I ever lose this heaven
Oh I'll never be the same.

If you're lying, keep on lying
Don't tell the truth don't you dare
You can't drop me 'cause you still got me after takin' me way up there.

When you're kind, extra kind
Then suddenly you're cross
You're so moody but you get to me
I still can't turn you off.

You're fascinating, more fascinating than the dark side of the moon
You're so exciting that I'm rewriting the book of love called you.

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FEELINGS

(As recorded by Morris Albert)

English words & music by MORRIS ALBERT

Feelings
Nothing more than feelings
Trying to forget my feelings of love.

Teardrops
Rolling down on my face
Trying to forget my feelings of love.

Feelings
For all my life I'll feel it
I wish I've never met you girl
You'll never come again.

Feeling, wo wo wo feelings
Wo wo wo feel you, again in my arms.

Feelings
Feelings like I've never lost you
And feelings like I'll never have you
Again in my heart.

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SWEET MAXINE

(As recorded by the Doobie Brothers)

PAT SIMMONS
TOM JOHNSTON

She can capture your heart
When they start the music playin'
Sparkle in her eyes, you better be wise
You will end up losin' your mind
I said baby, pretty baby, gotta get my hands on you
Somethin's got a hold on, somethin's got a hold on me
Somethin's got a hold on, somethin's got a hold on me.
She was born with it in her soul
Lord she knows how to rock and roll.

She's got the power, power in her soul
She's got the power, power, rock and roll.
She's the answer to a poor boy's dream
Never seen such a sweet young thing
She's a teaser, love to squeeze her
An actress from a fantasy scene
I said baby, pretty baby
Open your eyes to the truth.

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DAISY JANE

(As recorded by America)

GERRY BECKLEY

Flyin' me back to Memphis
Tryin' to find my Daisy Jane
Our summer's gone and I hope she's feelin' the same
Well, I laughed to just turn on the city
Thinkin' it would ease the pain
I'm a crazy man and I'm playin' my crazy game, game
Does she really love me or think she does
Like the stars above me I know because
When the sky heels bright, ev'rything's all right.

Honey keep the oven warm
All the clouds are clearin' and I think we're over the storm
Well, I been pickin' it up around me
Lazy I think I'm safe and I'm awful glad
I guess you're really to blame, blame
Do you really love me I hope you do
Like the stars above me how I love you
When it's cold at night ev'rything's all right.

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DREAM WEAVER

(As recorded by Gary Wright)

GARY WRIGHT

I have closed my eyes again
Climbed aboard the dream weaver train
Driver, take away my worries of today
And leave tomorrow behind.

Come on dream weaver
I believe you can get me through the night
Come on dream weaver
I believe we can reach the morning light.

Fly me high through the starry skies
Or maybe to an astral plane
Cross the highways of fantasy
Help me to forget today's pain.
(Repeat chorus)

Tho' the dawn may be coming soon
There still may be some time
Fly me away to the bright side of the moon
And meet me on the other side.
(Repeat chorus)

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THE WAY I WANT TO TOUCH YOU

(As recorded by Captain & Tennille)

TONI TENNILLE

I never wanted, I never wanted to touch a man
The way that I want to touch you
I never wanted, I never wanted to love a man
The way that I want to love you.

You are sunshine, you are shadow
You are morning, you are night
You are hard times, you are good times
You are darkness, you are light.

I never wanted, I never wanted to give a man
The things that I want to give you
I never wanted, I never wanted to live with a man
The way that I want to live with you.

(Repeat chorus)

I never wanted, I never wanted to love a man
The way that I want to love you
I never wanted, I never wanted to touch a man
The way that I want to touch you
The way that I want to touch you
The way that I want to touch you
The way that I want to touch you.

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WHAT A DIFF'RENCE A DAY MAKES

(As recorded by Esther Phillips)

STANLEY ADAMS
MARIA GREVER

I dreaded ev'ry morning
Until without a warning
You arrived bringing heaven to my door
And you changed all my blue notes to a love song
It's the dawning that I've waited for.

What a diff'rence a day makes
Twenty four little hours
Brought the sun and the flowers
Where there used to be rain

My yesterday was blue dear
Today I'm part of you dear
My lonely nights are thru dear
Since you said you were mine
What a diff'rence a day makes
There's a rainbow before me
Skies above can't be stormy
Since that moment of bliss
That thrilling kiss
It's heaven when you
Find romance on your menu
What a diff'rence a day makes
And the diff'rence is you.

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SAILING

(As recorded by Rod Stewart)

GAVIN SUTHERLAND

I am sailing, I am sailing
Home again 'cross the sea

I am sailing stormy waters
To be near you to be free.

I am flying, I am flying
Like a bird 'cross the sky
I am flying passing high clouds
To be with you to be free.

Can you hear me
Can you hear me
Thru the dark night far away
I am dying forever trying
To be with you who can say.

Can you hear me
Can you hear me
Thru the dark night far away
I am dying
Forever trying
To be with you who can say.

We are sailing, we are sailing
Home again 'cross the sea
We are sailing, stormy waters
To be near you to be free.

Oh Lord to be near you to be free
Oh Lord to be near you to be free.

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OVER MY HEAD

(As recorded by Fleetwood Mac)

CHRISTINE McVIE

You can take me to paradise
And then again you can be cold as ice
I'm over my head
But it sure feels nice.

You can take me anytime you like
I'll be around if you think you might love me baby
And hold me tight.

Your mood is like a circus wheel
You're changing all the time
Sometimes I can't help but feel
That I'm wasting all of my time.

Think I'm looking on the dark side
But everyday you hurt my pride
I'm over my head
But it sure feels nice
I'm over my head
But it sure feels nice.

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DANCE WITH ME

(As recorded by Orleans)

JOHN and JOHANNA HALL

Dance with me, I want to be your partner
Can't you see
The music is just starting
Night is calling and I am falling
Dance with me.

Fantasy could never be so killing
I feel free
I hope that you are willing
Pick the beat up and kick your feet up
Dance with me.

Let it lift you off the ground
Starry eyes, and love is all around us
I can take you where you want to go, go oh.

Dance with me, I want to be your partner
Can't you see
The music is just starting
Night is calling and I am falling
Dance with me.

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BAD SNEAKERS

(As recorded by Steely Dan)

DONALD FAGEN
WALTER BECKER

Five names that I can hardly stand to hear
Including yours and mine and one more chimp who isn't here
I can see the ladies talking
How the times are getting hard
And that fearsome excavation on Magnolia Blvd.

And I'm going insane
And I'm laughing at the frozen rain
And I'm so alone honey
When they gonna send me home.
Bad sneakers and the Pina Colada
My friend stomping on the avenue by Radio City
With a transistor and a large sum of money to spend.

You fella you tearing up the street
You wear that white tuxedo
How you gonna beat the heat
Do you take me for a fool
Do you think that I don't see
That ditch out in the valley
That they're digging just for me.
(Repeat chorus)

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ALL BY MYSELF

(As recorded by Eric Carmen)

ERIC CARMEN

When I was young I never needed anyone
And makin' love was just for fun
Those days are gone
Livin' alone I think of all the friends I've known
But when I dial the telephone nobody's home.

All by myself
Don't wanna be all by myself any more
All by myself
Don't wanna be
All by myself any more
Hard to be sure sometimes I feel so insecure
And love so distant and obscure
Remains the cure.

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YOU

(As recorded by George Harrison)

GEORGE HARRISON

I, I love, love
N' I n' I love you
Oh you, you, yeah, you
You, you love, love
N' you, yes you, love me
Yeah, you, you, yeah, you.

And when I'm holding you
Ooh, what a feeling
Seems so good to be true
That I'm telling you all
That I must be dreaming.

N' I, n' I, I love you
Oh you, oh you, yeah, you
And when I'm holding you
Ooh, what a feeling
Seems so good to be true
That I'm telling you all
That I must be dreaming.

I, oh I love, love
N' I, yeah, I, I love you, oh you
You, oh you.

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LETTING GO

(As recorded by Wings)

PAUL McCARTNEY
LINDA McCARTNEY

Ah, she tastes like wine
Such a human being, so divine
Oh, she feels like sun
Mother Nature, look at what you've done
Oh, I feel like letting go
Oh, I feel like letting go.

Ah, she looks like snow
I want to put her in a Broadway show
Ah, she'll dance and dine
Like a Lucifer, she'll always shine
Oh, I feel like letting go
Oh, I feel like letting go.

Ah, she sings it so
I want to put her on the radio
One day, and there you are
Ladies and gentlemen; a brand new star
Oh, I feel like letting go
Oh, I feel like letting go.

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LOW RIDER

(As recorded by War)

SYLVESTER ALLEN
HAROLD R. BROWN
MORRIS DICKERSON
LEROY "LONNIE" JORDAN
CHARLES W. MILLER
HOWARD SCOTT
LEE OSKAR
JERRY GOLDSTEIN

All my friends know the low rider
The low rider is a little higher.

Low rider drives a little slower
The low rider is a real goer.

Take a little trip
Take a little trip
Take a little trip with me
Take a little trip
Take a little trip
Take a little trip and see.

Low rider knows ev'ry street yeah
Low rider is the one to meet yeah.

Low rider don't use no gas now
Low rider don't drive too fast.

Take a little trip with me now
And maybe you will see him now.

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DECEMBER 1963 (Oh, What A Night)

(As recorded by Four Seasons)

BOB GAUDIO
JUDY PARKER

Oh, what a night
Late December back in sixty three
What a very special time for me
As I remember what a night
Oh, what a night
You know I didn't even know her name
But I was never gonna be the same
What a lady what a night
Oh I, I got a funny feelin' when she walked in the room
Oh my as I recall it ended much too soon
Oh, what a night
Hypnotizin', mezmerizing me
She was ev'rything I dreamed she'd be
Sweet surrender, what a night.

I felt a rush like a rollin' ball of thunder
Spinnin' my head around 'n' takin' my body under.

Oh what a night
Oh what a night.

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COULD IT BE MAGIC

(As recorded by Barry Manilow)

ADRIENNE ANDERSON
BARRY MANILOW

Spirit move me, ev'ry time I'm near you
Whirling like a cyclone in my mind
Sweet Melissa angel of my life time
Answer to all answers I can find
Baby I love you
Come, come, come into my arms
Let me know the wonder of all of you
Baby I want you.

Lady take me high upon a hillside
High up where the stallion meets the sun
I could love you, build my world around you
Never leave you till my life is done
Baby I love you
Now, now, now and hold on fast
Could this be the magic at last?

Come, come, come into my arms
Let me know the wonder of all of you
Baby, I want you, now, now, now and hold on fast
Could this be the magic at last?
Could it be magic?

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FLY AWAY

(As recorded by John Denver)

JOHN DENVER

All of her days have gone soft and cloudy
All of her dreams have gone dry
All of her nights have gone sad and shady
She's getting ready to fly.

Fly away
Fly away
Fly away.

Life in the city can make you crazy
For sounds of the sand and the sea
Life in a high-rise can make you hungry
For things that you can't even see.

Fly away
Fly away
Fly away.

In this whole world there's nobody as lonely as she
There's nowhere to go and there's nowhere that she'd rather be
She's looking for lovers and children playing
She's looking for signs of the spring
She listens for laughter and sounds of dancing
She listens for any old thing.

Fly away
Fly away
Fly away.

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EVIL WOMAN

(As recorded by Electric Light Orchestra)

JEFF LYNNE

You made a fool of me
But them broken dreams have got to end
Hey woman you got the blues
Cause you ain't got no one else to use
There's an open road that leads no where
So just make some miles between here and there
There's a hole in my head where the rain comes in
You took my body and played to win
Ha ha woman it's a crying shame
But you ain't got nobody else to blame.

Evil woman
Evil woman
Evil woman
Evil woman.

Rolled in from another town
Hit some gold too hot to settle down
But a fool and his money soon go separate ways
And you found a fool lyin' in a daze
Ha ha woman
What you gonna do
You destroyed all the virtues that the Lord gave you
It's so good that you're feelin' pain
But you better get your face board the very next train.
(Repeat chorus)

Evil woman how you done me wrong
But now you're to wail a different song
Ha ha funny how you broke me up
You made the wine now you drink a cup
I came runnin' every time you cried
I thought I saw love smilin' in your eyes
Ha ha very nice to know that you ain't got no place left to go.
(Repeat chorus)

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I CHEAT THE HANGMAN

(As recorded by Doobie Brothers)

PATRICK SIMMONS

The days grow short
The nights are gone
Since you were here I can't go on
I cried for you to no avail
Now my life runs cold when the night winds wail.

But I cheat the hangman
Cheated him many times before
The bell that tolls the hour
Has turned sweet lips to sour
Yes I cheat the hangman
And even when life has flown away
I leave a kiss behind.

The rain that fell upon my stone
Like tears you cry I shared alone
I walked the night I cannot sleep
The love you spend you cannot keep.

But I cheat the hangman
Cheated him many times before
The bell that tolls the hour
Has turned sweet lips to sour

Yes I cheat the hangman
And even when life has flown away
I leave a kiss behind
The glow of love will shine
Lighted windows stare at the stranger there
Returning home
Only lighted windows stare
At the lonely stranger there returning home
Du du du du du du
Du du du du du du
Du du du du du
Du du du du ooh ooh

Du du du du du du du du du du du du
Du du du du du du
Du du du du du du du du du du du du
I leave a kiss behind
The glow of love will shine
Lighted windows stare at the stranger there
Returning home
Only lighted windows stare
At the lonely stranger there returning home.

Du du du du du du du du
Du du du du du du
Du du du du du du.

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I LOVE MUSIC

(As recorded by O'Jays)

K. GAMBLE
L. HUFF

I love music any kind o' music
I love music just as long as it's groovin'
Makes me laugh, makes me smile
All the while whenever I'm with you
While we dance make romance
I'm enchanted by the things that you do.

I love music sweet, sweet music
Long as it's swinging, all the joy that it's bringing
I'm so happy to be in complete harmony
I love you girl
As I hold you so close in my arms
I'm so glad that you're mine.
Nothin' can be better than a sweet love song
(Music makes the atmosphere so fine)
When you got the girl that you love in your arms
(Especially when you got a cold glass of wine).
Music is the healing forces of the world
It's good for ev'ry man, woman, boy an' girl.

I love, I love, I love, I love, I love music
I love, I love, I love, I love, I love music
I love, I love, I love, I love, I love music
I love music.

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FAME

(As recorded by David Bowie)

DAVID BOWIE
JOHN LENNON
CARLOS ALOMAR

Fame makes a man take things over
Fame lets him loose, hard to swallow
Fame puts you there where things are hollow
Fame
Fame, it's not your brain, it's just a flame that burns your change to keep you insane.
Fame.

Fame, what you like is in the limo
Fame, what you get is no tomorrow
Fame, what you need you have to borrow
Fame
Fame, it's mine, it's mine, it's just his line to bind your time it drives you to crime
Fame.

Is it any wonder I reject your first
Fame, fame, fame, fame
Is it any wonder you are too cool to fool
Fame
Fame, Bully for you Chilly for me got to get a rain check on pain
Fame
Fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame
Fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame
Fame, what's your name?

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IT ONLY TAKES A MINUTE

(As recorded by Tavares)

DENNIS LAMBERT
BRIAN POTTER

What's an hour of the day
We throw at least one away
Walk the streets half a year
Tryin' to find a new career
Now if you get a flu attack
For thirty days you're on your back
Through the night, I've seen you dance
Baby give me half a chance.
It only takes a minute girl
To fall in love, to fall in love
It only takes a minute girl
To fall in love
Let's fall in love.
Now in the unemployment lines
You can spend your life readin' signs
Waitin' for your interview
They can shoot the whole day for you
Now winter's gonna turn to spring
And you haven't accomplished a thing
So baby leave a little time
'Cause you never know what's on my mind.
It only takes a minute girl
To fall in love, to fall in love
It only takes a minute girl
To fall in love
Let's fall in love.
Well you find yourself a few minutes
When you wanna fry yourself an egg
Now, you spare a few seconds, girl
When you see, when you see a man beg
Now, it takes some time to go down to the corner store
Well, what I got in mind, girl
Gimme sixty seconds, no more.
(Repeat chorus)

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FOX ON THE RUN

(As recorded by Sweet)

SCOTT
TUCKER
CONNOLLY
PRIEST

I-don't wanna know your name
Cause you don't look the same
The way you did before
OK you think you got a pretty face
But the rest of you is out of place
You looked all right before.

Fox on the run
You screamed and everybody comes a-running
Take a run and hide yourself away
Fox on the run
F-foxy, foxy on the run and hideaway.

You-you talk about just every band
But the names you drop are second hand
I've heard it all before
I-don't wanna know your name
Cause you don't look the same
The way you did before.
(Repeat chorus)

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LOVE HURTS

(As recorded by Nazareth)

BOUDLEAUX BRYANT

Love hurts, love scars
Love wounds and mars any heart not tough nor strong enough to take a lot of pain, take a lot of pain
Love is like a cloud
Holds a lot of rain
Love hurts
Love hurts.

I'm young I know but even so I know a thing or two I've learned from you
I've really learned a lot, really learned a lot
Love is like a stove, burns you when it's hot
Love hurts, love hurts.

Some fools rave of happiness, blissfulness, togetherness
Some fools fool themselves I guess
But they're not fooling me
I know it isn't true, no, it isn't true
Love is just a lie made to make you blue
Love hurts, love hurts.

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DREAM ON

(As recorded by Aerosmith)

S. TYLER

Every time that I look in the mirror
All these lines on my face gettin' clearer.
The past is gone;
It went by like dusk to dawn.
Isn't that the way
Everybody's got their dues in life to pay.
I know nobody knows where it comes
And where it goes.
I know it's everybody's sin
You got to lose to know how to win.

Half my life's in books' written pages,
Lived and learned from fools and from sages.
You know it's true
All these things come back to you.
Sing with me, sing for the years
Sing for the laughter 'n sing for the tears.
Sing with me if it's just for today
Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away.

Dream on, dream on, dream on
Dream yourself a dream come true.
Dream on, dream on, dream on
And dream until your dream comes true.
Dream on, dream on, dream on, dream on
Dream on, dream on, dream on, ah...

Sing with me, sing for the years
Sing for the laughter 'n sing for the tears.
Sing with me if it's just for today
Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away.
(Repeat)

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THAT'S THE WAY (I Like It)

(As recorded by KC & The Sunshine Band)

H. W. CASEY
R. FINCH

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo

That's the way (uh-huh, uh-huh) I like it
(uh-huh, uh-huh)
That's the way (uh-huh, uh-huh) I like it
(uh-huh, uh-huh)
That's the way (uh-huh, uh-huh) I like it
(uh-huh, uh-huh)
That's the way (uh-huh, uh-huh) I like it
(uh-huh, uh-huh).

When you take me by the hand
Tell me I'm your lovin' man
When you give me all your love
And do it babe the very best you can oh.
(Repeat chorus)
When I get to be in your arms
When we're all, all alone
When you whisper sweet in my ear
When you turn, turn me on oh.
(Repeat chorus)

Say o.k. (uh-huh)
That's the way uh-huh
That's the way uh-huh
That's the way (uh-huh, uh-huh) I like it
(uh-huh, uh-huh)
That's the way (uh-huh, uh-huh) I like it
(uh-huh, uh-huh).

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ONLY SIXTEEN

(As recorded by Dr. Hook)

SAM COOKE

She was only sixteen, only sixteen
I loved her so

But she was too young to fall in love
And I was too young to know
We'd laugh and we'd sing and do funny things

And it made our hearts glow
But she was too young to fall in love
And I was too young to know.

Why did I give my heart so fast?

It never will happen again
But I was a mere child of sixteen
I've aged a year since then

She was only sixteen, only sixteen
With eyes that would glow
But she was too young to fall in love
And I was too young to know.

Then why did I give my heart so fast?
It never will happen again
But I was a mere child of sixteen
I've aged a year since then
She was only sixteen, only sixteen
But I loved that girl so
But she was too young to fall in love
And I was too young to know
But she was too young to fall in love
And I was too young to know.

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SARA SMILE

(As recorded by Daryl Hall & John Oates)

DARYL HALL
JOHN OATES

Baby hair with a woman's eyes
I can feel you watching in the night
All alone with me and we're waiting for the sunlight
When I feel cold you warm me
And when I feel I can't go on, you come and hold me
It's you and me forever.

Sara smile
Won't you smile awhile for me, Sara.

If you feel like leaving you know you can go
But why don't you wait until tomorrow?
If you want to be free you know all you got to do is say so
And when you feel cold I'll warm you
And when you feel you can't go on
I'll come and hold you
It's you and me forever.

Sara smile
Won't you smile awhile for me, Sara.

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YOU SEE THE TROUBLE WITH ME

(As recorded by Barry White)

BARRY WHITE
RAY PARKER, JR.

I'm like a blind man who lost his way
I can't see nothin'
I'm like a deaf man who can't relate
And I can't hear nothin'.

See the trouble with me
I can't do nothin' without my baby
And it's plain as can be
It's gonna drive me crazy.

I walk the lonely streets at night
Alone and lonely
Anything I do is wrong, never right
I'm moanin' for my only.
(Repeat chorus)

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WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE

(As recorded by Alice Cooper)

ALICE COOPER
DICK WAGNER

Welcome to my nightmare
I think you're gonna like it
I think you're gonna feel you belong
A nocturnal vacation unnecessary sedation
You want to feel at home 'cause you belong
Welcome to my nightmare, woah.

Welcome to my breakdown
I hope I didn't scare you
That's just the way we are when we come down
We sweat and laugh and scream here
'Cause life is just a dream here
You know inside you feel right at home here
Welcome to my breakdown, woah
You're welcome to my nightmare, yeah.

Welcome to my nightmare
I think you're gonna like it
I think you're gonna feel you belong
We sweat and laugh and scream here
'Cause life is just a dream here
You know inside you feel right at home here
Welcome to my nightmare, woah
Welcome to my break down.

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GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

(As recorded by Spinners)

CHARLES SIMMONS
BRUCE HAWES
JOS. B. JEFFERSON

Can't get no rest
Don't know how I'll work all day
When will I learn memories get in the way
I walk around I can't hear a sound
Folks talkin' louder than loud
Don't see at all
I gotta get away, gotta get away
I don't know where to go
It's hopeless so I guess I'll leave it alone
Well I stayed up all that day fixin' up to go somewhere
Lawd I was late and I found she wasn't there
I guess I'll find love peace o' mind some other time
But I still have today
I gotta get away, gotta get away
I don't know where to go
It's hopeless so I guess I'll leave it alone, leave it alone.

Games people play
Night or day they're just not matchin' what they should do
Keeps me feelin' blue been down too long
Right-wrong I just can't stop it
Spendin' all day thinkin' just of you.

Twelve forty five headed for the subway home
I took my time 'cause I felt so all alone
Not far away I heard a funny sound
Took a look around and I could see her face smile as she came callin' out my name
So I know where to go
We'll take it slow I guess I'll leave it alone
Call it a day.

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CALYPSO

(As recorded by John Denver)

JOHN DENVER

We sail on a dream on a crystal clear ocean
We ride on the crest of the wild raging storm
To work in the service of life and the living
In search of the answers to questions unknown
To be part of the movement and part of the growing
Part of beginning to understand.

Aye Calypso the places you've been to
The things that you've shown us
The stories you tell
Aye Calypso I sing to your spirit
The men who have served you so long and so well
Aye, ay-ee, e
Oh, oh ee, de, de
Oh, oh deee, de de de de de
Aye, ay de-e, de.

Like the dolphins who guide you
Who bring us beside you
To light up the darkness and show us the way
For though we are strangers in your silent world
To live on the land we can learn from the sea
To be true as the tide and free as a wind
Swell joyful and loving in letting it be.

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FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN

(As recorded by Marshall Tucker Band)

GEORGE McCORKLE

Took my fam'ly away from our Carolina home
Had dreams about the west and started to roam
Six long months on a dust covered trail
They say heaven's at the end
But so far it's been hell.

And there's fire on the mountain
Lightening in the air
Gold in them hills and it's waiting for me there.

We were digging and shifting from five to five
Selling ev'rything we found just to stay alive
Gold flowed free like the whiskey in the bars
Sinning was the big thing Lord
And satan was the star.

And there's fire on the mountain
Lightening in the air
Gold in them hills and it's waiting for me there.

Dance hall girls were the evening treat
Empty cartridges and blood lined the gutters of the stree?
Men were shot down for the sake of fun
Or just to hear the noise of their 44 guns.

And there's fire on the mountain
Lightening in the air
Gold in them hills and it's waiting for me there.

Now my widow, she weeps by my grave
Tears flow free for her man she couldn't save
Shot down in cold blood by a gun that carried fame
All for a useless and no good worthless claim.

And there's fire on the mountain
Lightening in the air
Gold in them hills and it's waiting for me there.

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SHOW ME THE WAY

(As recorded by Peter Frampton)

PETER FRAMPTON

I wonder how you're feeling
There's ringing in my ears
And no one to relate to 'cept the sea
Who can I believe in
I'm kneeling on the floor
There has to be a force who do I phone
The stars are out and shining
But all I really want to know.

Oh won't you
Show me the way
I want you
Show me the way.

Well I can see no reason
You living on your nerves
When someone drops a cup and I submerge
I'm swimming in a circle
I feel I'm going down
There has to be a fool to play my part
Someone thought of healing
But all I really want to know
Oh won't you show me the way
I want you show me the way
I want you day after day.

I wonder if I'm dreaming
I feel so unashamed
I can't believe this is happening to me
I watch you when you're sleeping
Then I want to take your love
Oh won't you show me the way
Oh won't you show me the way.

I want you day after day
I want you day after day
I want you show me the way
I want you show me the way.

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LET YOUR LOVE FLOW

(As recorded by Bellamy Brothers)

LARRY E. WILLIAMS

There's a reason for the sunshine sky
There's a reason why I'm feelin' so high
Must be the season when that love light shines all around us
So let that feeling grab you deep inside and send you reeling
Where your love can't hide and then go stealing
Through the summer nights with your lover.

Let your love flow like a mountain stream
Let your love grow with the smallest of dreams
And let your love show and you'll know what I mean
It's the season
Let your love fly like a bird on the wing
Let your love bind you to all living things
And let your love shine and you'll know what I mean
That's the reason.

There's a reason for the warm sweet nights
There's a reason for the candle lights
Must be the season when those love rites shine all around us
So let the wonder take you into space
And lay you under its loving embrace
Feel the thunder as it warms your face
You can't hold back.

(Repeat chorus)

Let your love flow
Let your love grow.

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LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING (Come Together)

(As recorded by Kool & The Gang)

CLAYDES SMITH
RONALD BELL
KOOL AND THE GANG

What would the world be like without music and a song
What would the world be like if we all could get along
We could live in peace and harmony
Oh can't you see
Just you and me
Build a world of love together
Make it last forever and ever yeah.

Ev'rybody all over the world
It's time for love and understanding
Come together
Let's come together
Let's come together ah ha
Ah hah yay yay ah hah yeah.

What would the world be like if we changed the wrong to right
This old world would be a better place for you and me
Oh can't you see.

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QUEEN OF CLUBS

(As recorded by KC & The Sunshine Band)

H.W. CASEY
W. CLARKE

In every night club across the nation
She's the life of the party
She's a real sensation
She's got style y'all she's got class
She can groove it slow or move it fast
From early evenin' to the midnight hour
She keeps swingin', she's got super power
She's the queen of clubs.
If you throw a party and she's not there
People let me tell you that your party's nowhere
From city to city and coast to coast
She's more than the hip now
She's the most up in the mountains, out in the plains
Down in the valleys they echo her name
She's the queen of clubs.
Here she comes
La da oo oo oo
She's the queen of clubs everybody
She's the queen of clubs.

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THERE'S A KIND OF HUSH (All Over The World)

(As recorded by Carpenters)

LES REED
GEOFF STEPHENS

There's a kind of hush
All over the world
Tonight, all over the world
You can hear the sounds of lovers in love
You know what I mean
Just the two of us and nobody else in sight
There's nobody else and I'm feeling good
Just holding you tight.

So listen very carefully
Closer now and you will see what I mean
It isn't a dream
The only sound that you will hear
Is when I whisper in your ear
I love you forever and ever.

There's a kind of hush
All over the world
Tonight, all over the world
You can hear the sounds of lovers in love.

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LONELY NIGHT (Angel Face)

(As recorded by Captain & Tennille)

NEIL SEDAKA

Lonely night
I cry myself to sleep
Tell me, what am I gonna do
'Cause it's always been you to dry the tears
Always been you to wash away my fears
Always been you each night and day
Now what can I say when love slips away.
Lonely night
I'm walkin' the floor
Tell me, what am I gonna do
Without your precious love, your tender touch
Hey little girl miss you so much
Wish we could turn back the hands of time
To the day when you were mine.

You used to call me angel face
Used to call me angel face
You used to help me thru the night
Make me feel alright
Now all I have is tear drops thru a lonely night
(I can't get ya out of my mind
I can't get ya out of my mind)
Lonely night
(I can't get ya out of my mind
I can't get ya out of my mind)
I promise you I'll change my ways
I promise you love's here to stay
Hey little girl, depend on me
I'll be yours for eternity.
(Repeat chorus)

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SOLITAIRE

(As recorded by Carpenters)

NEIL SEDAKA
PHIL CODY

There was a man, a lonely man
Who lost his love through his indiff'rence
A heart that cared that went unshared
Until it died within his silence.

And solitaire's the only game in town
And ev'ry road that takes him takes him down
While life goes on around him ev'ryhwere
He's playing solitaire
And keeping to himself begins to deal
And still the king of hearts is well concealed
Another losing game comes to an end
And he deals them out again.

A little hope goes up in smoke
Just how it goes goes without saying
There was a man, a lonely man
Who would command the hand he's playing.

And solitaire's the only game in town
And ev'ry road that takes him takes him down
While life goes on around him ev'rywhere
He's playing solitaire.

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MAKE YOURS A HAPPY HOME

(As recorded by Gladys Knight & The Pips)

CURTIS MAYFIELD

You're just smiling this morning
All of your love is wishin' you well
Your tears they just swell
So make yours a happy home
Ooo with the loving sigh
I've got a happy cry
All of my will has made me a way
I've got love today so just make yours a happy home.

I want to do you right
You love me out of sight
I want to be what pleases you
So long as there is love (peace) with you
That's all I can do
So let us make yours a happy home
Make yours a happy home.

Do do do do do do do
We can do it
We can do it now baby
Do do do do do do do
Yeah I get full of pride and so sanctified
You don't have to be for me no super star
I love you just the way you are
So won't you make yours a happy home
Make yours a happy home.

I want to make yours a happy home oo baby
We can make it oo baby
We can make it oo baby
We can make it.

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From The Original Soundtrack of a Berry Gordy Film "Mahogany" (Do You Know Where You're Going To?)

(As recorded by Diana Ross)

GERRY GOFFIN
MIKE MASSER

Do you know where you're going to?
Do you like the things that life is showing you?
Where are you going to, do you know?

Do you get what you're hoping for?
When you look behind you there's no open door
What are you hoping for, do you know?

Once we were standing still in time
Chasing the fantasies that filled our minds
And you knew how I loved you but my spirit was free
Laughing at the questions that you once asked of me.

Do you know where you're going to?
Do you like the things that life is showing you?
Where are you going to, do you know?

Now looking back at all we planned
We let so many dreams just slip through our hands
Why must we wait so long before we see
How sad the answers to those questions can be?

Do you know where you're going to?
Do you like the things that life is showing you?
Where are you going to, do you know?

Do you get what you're hoping for?
When you look behind you there's no open door
What are you hoping for, do you know?

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SALLY

(As recorded by Grand Funk Railroad)

MARK FARNER

Oh little Sally
You know I love you baby
Sally I said I love you baby
Sally it's alright.

Remember girl when we both were younger
It was the days we had so much fun girl
Remembering all of our childhood days, yeah
We had our fun in so many ways.
You know I would have loved you any way
It ain't just something I just had to say
Don't let them tell you that you're not my kind
Sally, Sally, Sally
Tell them you're mine, mine, mine.

Sa-a-al-ly
Yeah love you Sally
I said I love you baby
Sally I said I love you baby
Sally yeah yeah yeah.

Oh little Sally
You know I love you baby
Sally I said I love you baby
Sally it's alright.

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RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM

(As recorded by Maxine Nightingale)

PIERRE TUBBS
VINCE EDWARDS

Ooo and it's alright and it's comin' 'long
We got to get right back to where we started from
Love is good, love can be strong
We got to get right back to where we started from.

Do you remember that day
When you first came my way
I said no one could take your place
And if you get hurt
By the little things I say
I can put that smile back on your face.

Ooo and it's alright and it's comin' 'long
We got to get right back to where we started from
Love is good, love can be strong
We got to get right back to where we started from.

A love, love like ours
Can never fade away
You know it's only just begun
You give me your love
I just can't stay away
I know you are the only one.
(Repeat chorus)

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DISCO LADY

(As recorded by Johnnie Taylor)

HARVEY SCALES
AL VANCE
DON DAVIS

Shake it up, shake it down
Move it in, move it around
Disco Lady
Move it in, around, about
Disco Lady shake it up, shake it down
Move it in, move it out
Disco Lady.

Hey sexy lady
Said I like the way you move your thang
Lord have mercy girl
You dance so fine
And you're right on time
Girl you ought to be on T.V. on soul train
When you get the groove it ain't no stoppin'
Just can't help it
I'm finger popping.

Shake it up, shake it down
Move it in, move it out
Disco Lady
Move it in, move it round
Move it in, around, about Disco Lady
Shake it baby, shake it baby, shake your thang, baby shake your thang you got to.

Groovin' I feel like movin'
You got movin' can't sit still I'm movin' like that funky stuff.

Hey sexy lady
Girl you're drivin' me crazy
You dance so fine and you're right on time
Girl you drive me right out of my mind
If it wasn't for my girl sittin' right next to me
I'd jump right out
You got me hypnotized soul, mesmorized girl
You're movin' me girl you're groovin' me.

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FOPP

(As recorded by Ohio Players)

JIM WILLIAMS
CLARENCE SATCHELL
LEROY BONNER
MARSHALL JONES
RALPH MIDDLEBROOKS
MARVIN PIERCE
WILLIAM BECK

Fopped last night and the night before
I did the fopp outside and then I went indoors
Fopped so hard I made the people roar
They stood back and gave me all the floor
I did the fopp, fopp
They wouldn't let me stop
I kept on foppin' and rockin' had the whole house rockin'
I was foppin' from Maine to Mexico
Ev'rybody's foppin' ev'rywhere you go
Even while you're shoppin' they're foppin' to and fro
Ev'rybody's foppin'.

Fopp with me and I'll fopp with you
Foppin' is the brand new thing to do
Fopped three days and I lost my shoes
I fopped so tuff they had to make some rules, yeah
Raise your leg and then you hump your back
Do your thing, don't you give no slack, huh
Shake your hips and then you turn around
Don't you fopp it up, you got to fopp it down, uh
Fopp me right, don't you fopp me wrong
Listen here, we'll be here foppin' all night long, girl
I'm too short and you're too tall
But when we're foppin' that don't mean a thing at all
Listen here.

I'm too young, darlin', you're too old
But that don't mean that you got no soul
Listen here, rich can fopp and so can the poor
You can fopp until you're ninety-four
Foppin' and boppin' don't never let 'em stop ya
Keep on boppin' and foppin' you'll have the whole house rockin'
Keep on foppin' and boppin' until your knees are knockin'
Keep on boppin' and foppin' hey, hey, hey.

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BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO

(As recorded by Neil Sedaka)

NEIL SEDAKA
HOWARD GREENFIELD

You tell me that you're leaving
I can't believe it's true
Girl there's just no living without you
Don't take your love away from me
Don't you leave my heart in misery
If you go then I'll be blue
Breaking up is hard to do.

Remember when you held me tight
And you kissed me all through the night
Think of all that we've been through
Breaking up is hard to do.

They say that breaking up is hard to do
Now I know, I know that it's true
Don't say that this is the end
Instead of breaking up I wish that we were making up again
We were making up again.

I beg of you don't say goodbye
Can't we give our love a brand new try
Yeah come on babe let's start a-new
'Cause breaking up is hard to do.

Don't take your love away from me
Don't you leave my heart in misery
If you go then I'll be blue
Breaking up is hard to do
'Cause breaking up is hard to do.

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GONE AT LAST

(As recorded by Paul Simon and Phoebe Snow & The Jessy Dixon Singers)

PAUL SIMON

The night was black
The road was icy
And the snow was falling
And the drifts were high
And I was weary
From my driving
And I stopped to rest for awhile
I sat down at a truck stop
I was thinking about my past
I've had a long streak of bad luck
But I'm prayin', it's gone at last.

Gone, gone at last
Gone at last, gone at last
Gone at last
I've had a long streak of that bad luck
But I'm prayin' it's gone at last.
I ain't dumb
I've kicked around some
I don't fall too easily
But that boy looked so dejected
He just grabbed my sympathy
Sweet little soul now
What's your problem
Tell me why you're so downcast
I've had a long streak of bad luck
But I'm prayin' it's gone at last.
(Repeat chorus)

Every once in a while
From the middle of nowhere
When you don't expect it
And you're unprepared
Somebody will come and lift you higher
And your burdens will be shared
Yes I do believe if I hadn't met you
I might still be sinking fast
I've had a long streak of bad luck
But I'm prayin' it's gone at last.

(Repeat chorus)

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THIS WILL BE

(As recorded by Natalie Cole)

MARVIN YANCY
CHUCK JACKSON

This will be an everlasting love
This will be the one I've waited for
This will be the first time anyone has loved me oh.

I'm so glad he found me in time
I'm so glad that he rectified my mind
This will be an everlasting love for me oh.

Loving you is some kind of wonderful
Because you've shown me just how much you care
You've given me the thrill of a life time and made me believe you've got more thrills to spare, oh
This will be an everlasting love
Oh yes it will now.

You've brought a lot of sunshine into my life
You've filled me with happiness I never knew
You gave me more joy than I ever dreamed of
And no one, no one can take the place of you
This will be you and me
Yes-sir-ree, eternally
Hugging and squeezing and kissing and pleasing
Together forever through rain or whatever
This will be you and me
So long as I'm living my love I'll be giving to you
I'll be serving 'cause you're so deserving.

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DOWN TO THE LINE

(As recorded by Bachman-Turner Overdrive)

RANDY BACHMAN

I made up my mind
I got to get out in a hurry
I stated my case
There's no need to come on with worry
Cause I'm a.

Real straight shooter
And I will use my means
I'll always try to do better
I don't live in no dream,
I've been down to the line.

I'm fin'ly awake
To stand up and play without cryin'
Now they asked for the key
But they completely understand I'm just tryin'
But I'm a.

Real straight shooter
And I will use my means
I'll always try to do better
I don't live in no dream
I've been down to the line.

You know I made it all right
Down to the line
Stayed up all night
Down to the line
It's the way to live life
Down to the line
It's the way to live love
Down to the line.

Down to the line
Down to the line
Sooner or later
It'll get ya ev'ry time
Da da da da da da
Da da da da da da
Da da da da da da
Da da da da da da
Down to the line.

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LADY BLUE

(As recorded by Leon Russell)

LEON RUSSELL

Well, you're showing me a diff'rent side
Even asked if the flame has died
You're getting used to me baby
But you just a-wait and see, lady
'Cause I've been in love before
And I love you a whole lot more
So, if you want it to be real good to you
When I'm layin' here makin' love to you
Listen real close to me, baby.

You just a-wait and see, Lady
I got a whole lot of love to give you
I got a whole life to spend if you'll just
let me sing sweet love songs
Lady blue, oh, sing a love song
Lady blue.

I want to get it straight right now, oh baby
'Cause I love you more and more and more
Lady Blue.

Sad Lady, Blue Lady
Sing me a love song
I just want you to know that I love you
more and more and more and more.

So if you want it to be real good to you
When I'm layin' here makin' love to you
Listen real close to me, baby.

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MY LITTLE TOWN

(As recorded by Simon & Garfunkel)

PAUL SIMON

In my little town
I grew up believing
God keeps his eye on us all
And he used to lean upon me
As I pledged allegiance to the wall
Lord I recall my little town
Coming home after school
Riding my bike passed the gates of the factories
My mom doing the laundry
Hanging out shirts in the dirty breeze
And after it rains there's a rainbow
And all of the colors are black
It's not that the colors aren't there
It's just imagination they lack
Everything's the same back in my little town.
Nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town
Nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town.
In my little town I never meant nothing
I was just my father's son
Saving my money
Dreaming of glory
Twitching like a finger on a trigger of a gun.

Nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town
Nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town
Nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town.

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SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT

(As recorded by Helen Reddy)

WILL JENNINGS
RICHARD KERR

Time
You found time enough to love
I found love enough to hold you tonight
I'll stir the fire you feel inside
Until the flames of love enfold you.
Laying beside you lost in the feeling
So glad you opened my door
Come with me
Somewhere in the night we will know
Ev'rything lovers can know
You're my song, music too, magic to end
I'll play you over and over again
Loving so warm moving so right
Closing our eyes and feeling the light
We'll just go on burning bright
Somewhere in the night.
Sleep
When the morning comes
And I'll lie and watch you sleeping
And you'll smile
When you dream about the night
Like it's a secret you've been keeping.
Laying beside you lost in the feeling
So glad you opened my door
Come with me
Somewhere in the night we will know
Ev'rything lovers can know
You're my song, music too, magic to end
I'll play you over and over again
Loving so warm moving so right
Closing our eyes and feeling the light
We'll just go on burning bright
Somewhere in the night.

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LOUISIANA LOU AND THREE CARD MONTY JOHN

(As recorded by Allman Brothers)

FORREST RICHARD BETTS

Lou'siana Lou, Three Card Monty John
Oh, Lord, what a nat'ral pair
Lookin' for a game of fortune and fame
Waitin' just a little further down the road somewhere.

Now Three Card Monty is a gambling game
Two black aces and a pretty red queen
Keep your eye on the lady and lay your money down
Watch the fastest hand you've ever seen.

Texas Hustlin' Billy
He's on the road again
He was seen in New Orleans the other day
Now, Lou is known as quite a man with a pool cue in his hand
Won't be long till him and John were headed down that way.

Lou'siana Lou, Three Card Monty John
Oh, Lord, what a nat'ral pair
Lookin' for a game of fortune and fame
Waitin' just a little further down the road somewhere.

It was Friday night, Lord, the time was right
Texas Billy finally made his play
The game went on into the night
And just about dawn they were counting
Billy's money - headed for L.A.

Lou'siana Lou, Three Card Monty John
Oh, Lord, what a nat'ral pair
Lookin' for a game of fortune and fame
Waitin' just a little further down the road somewhere.

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I WRITE THE SONGS

(As recorded by Barry Manilow)

BRUCE JOHNSTON

I've been alive forever
And I wrote the very first song
I put the words and the melodies together
I am music and I write the songs.

I write the songs that make the whole world sing
I write the songs of love and special things

I write the songs that make the young girls cry
I write the songs
I write the songs.

My home lies deep within you
And I have my room in your soul
And we're such good friends
When I look out through your windows
You make me young again even tho'
I'm very old.
(Repeat chorus)

Oh my music makes you dance
Gives you spirit to take a chance
And I wrote some rock & roll so you'd feel so good
My music's in your heart
And it's a real fine place to start
It's from me, it's through you, it's from you, it's through me
It's a world wide symphony.
(Repeat chorus)

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TAKE IT TO THE LIMIT

(As recorded by Eagles)

RANDY MEISNER
DON HENLEY

All alone at the end of the evening
And the bright lights have faded to gloom
I was thinking 'bout a woman who might love me
I never knew
You know I've always been a dreamer
Spend my life running 'round
And it's so hard to change it
Can't seem to settle down
But the dreams I've seen lately
Coming down
They're all turning out and burning out and turning out the same.

So put me on a highway
And show me a sign
And take it to the limit one more time.

You can spend all your time making loving
You can spend all your love making time
If it all fell to pieces tomorrow
Would you still be mine?

And when you're looking for your freedom
Nobody seems to care
And you can't find the door
Can't find it anywhere
When there's nothing to believe in
Still you're coming back, you're running back, you're coming back for more.

So put me on a highway
And show me a sign
And take it to the limit one more time
Take it to the limit
Take it to the limit
Take it to the limit one more time.

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SOS

(As recorded by Abba)

BENNY ANDERSSON
STIG ANDERSON
BJORN ULVAEUS

Where are those happy days they seem so hard to find?
I try to reach for you, but you have closed your mind
Whatever happened to our love?
I wish I understood
It used to be so nice
It used to be so good.

So when you're near me darling
Can't you hear me SOS
The love you gave me nothing else can save me SOS
When you're gone how can I even try to go on
When you're gone though I try how can I carry on.

You seem so far away though you are standing near
You made me feel alive but something died I fear
I really tried to make it out
I wish I understood
What happened to our love?
It used to be so good.

So when you're near me darling can't you hear me SOS
The love you gave me nothing else can save me SOS
When you're gone how can I even try to go on
When you're gone though I try how can I carry on
When you're gone how can I even try to go on
When you're gone though I try how can I carry on.

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SWEET EMOTION

(As recorded by Aerosmith)

S. TYLER
T. HAMILTON

Sweet emotion
Sweet emotion.

You talk about things that nobody cares
You wearin' out things that nobody wears
You're callin' my name but I got to make clear
I can't say baby where I'll be in a year.

Sweet emotion
Sweet emotion.

Sweat hog mama with a face like a gent

Said my, said my get up and go must have got up and went
Well I got good news, she's a real good liar
'Cause my backstage boogie set yo' pants on fire

I pulled into town in a police car
Your daddy said I took you just a little too far
Tellin' me things but your girl friend lied
Can't catch me 'cause the rabbit done died.

Stand in the front just a shakin' your ass
Take you backstage you can drink from my glass
I'm talkin' 'bout something you could sure understand
'Cause a month on the road and I'll be eatin' from your hand.

Sweet emotion
Sweet emotion.

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LOOKING FOR SPACE

(As recorded by John Denver)

JOHN DENVER

On the road of experience
I'm tryin' to find my own way
Sometimes I wish that I could fly away
When I think that I'm movin'
Suddenly things stand still
I'm afraid 'cause I think they always will
And I'm lookin' for space
To find out who I am
And I'm lookin' to know enough to stand
It's a sweet, sweet dream
Sometimes I'm almost there
Sometimes I fly like an eagle
And sometimes I'm deep in despair.

All alone in the universe
Sometimes that's how it seems
I get lost in the sadness and the screams
Then I look in the center
Suddenly ev'rything's clear
find myself in the sunshine and my dreams
And I'm lookin' for space
To find out who I am
And I'm lookin' to know enough to stand
It's a sweet, sweet dream
Sometimes I'm almost there
Sometimes I fly like an eagle
And sometimes I'm deep in despair.

On the road of experience
Join in the living day
If there's an answer it's just that it's just that way
When you're lookin' for space
To find out who you are
When you're lookin' to try and reach the stars
It's a sweet, sweet dream
Sometimes I'm almost there
Sometimes I fly like an eagle
And sometimes I'm deep in despair
Sometimes I fly like an eagle
Like an eagle, like I'm flyin' high

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BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

(As recorded by Queen)

FREDDIE MERCURY

Is this the real life?
Is this just fantasy?
Caught in a landslide
No escape from reality
Open your eyes
Look up to the skies and see
I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy
Because I'm easy come, easy go
Little high, little low
Any way the wind blows doesn't really matter to me, to me.
Mama just killed a man
Put a gun against his head, pulled my trigger, now he's dead
Mama, life had just begun
But now I've gone and thrown it all away
Mama, ooh
Didn't mean to make you cry
If I'm not back again this time tomorrow, carry on, carry on as if nothing really matters.
Too late, my time has come
Sends shivers down my spine, body's aching all the time
Goodbye, ev'rybody, I've got to go
Gotta leave you all behind and face the truth
Mama, ooh
I don't want to die, I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all.
I see a little silhouetto of a man
Scaramouche, Scaramouche
Will you do the Fandango.
Thunderbolt and lightning, very, very fright'ning me
(Galileo) Galileo (Galileo) Galileo
Galileo figaro Magnifico.
I'm just a poor boy and nobody loves me
He' just a poor boy from a poor family
Spare him his life from this monstrosity
Easy come, easy go will you get me go, Bismillah.

No, we will not let you go
(Let him go)
Bismillah
We will not let you go
(Let him go)
Bismillah
We will not let you go
(Let me go)
Will not let you go
(Let me go)
Will not let you go
(Let me go)
Ah
No, no, no, no, no, no, no
(Oh mama mia, mama mia)
Mama mia, let me go
Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me, for me, for me.
So you think you can stone me and spit in my eye
So you think you can love me and leave me to die
Oh, baby, can't do this to me, baby
Just gotta get out, just gotta get right outta here.
Nothing really matters
Anyone can see
Nothing really matters
Nothing really matters to me
Any way the wind blows.

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FIFTY WAYS TO LEAVE YOUR LOVER

(As recorded by Paul Simon)

PAUL SIMON

"The problem is all inside your head," she said to me
"The answer is easy if you take it logic'lly
I'm here to help you if you're strugglin' to be free
There must be fifty ways to leave your lover."
She said, "It's really not my habit to intrude
I hope my meaning won't be lost or misconstrued
But I'll repeat myself at the risk of being crude
There must be fifty ways to leave your lover
Fifty ways to leave your lover."

Just slip out the back, Jack
Make a new plan, Stan
You don't need to be coy, Roy
Just get yourself free

Hop on the bus, Gus
You don't need to discuss much
Just drop off the key, Lee
And get yourself free.

She said, "It grieves me now to see you in such pain
I wish there was somethin' I could do to make you smile again."
I said, "I appreciate that, and could you please explain about the fifty ways?"
She said, "Why don't we both just sleep on it tonight
I'm sure in the morning you'll begin to see the light."
And then she kissed me and I realized she probably was right
There must be fifty ways to leave your lover
Fifty ways to leave your lover."

Just slip out the back, Jack
Make a new plan, Stan
You don't need to be coy, Roy
Just listen to me
Hop on the bus, Gus
You don't need to discuss much
Just drop off the key, Lee
And get yourself free.

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RONNIE VAN ZANT

Talks About Skynyrd's Music... And Politics...

"The music is all we're into, it's all we know. If it wasn't for that we'd have to pick cotton," Ronnie says.

Lynyrd Skynyrd - perhaps the fastest rising band of this past year - consists of Ronnie Van Zant (lead vocals), Gary Rossington (guitar), Allen Collins (guitar), Leon Wilkeson (bass) Billy Powell (keyboards), and Artemis Pyle (drums). They also possess manager Peter Rudge - who has organized tours for the Rolling Stones as well as managing The Who. Before we talked to Ronnie Van Zant seriously about his music, Rudge had "...a few rude, tongue in cheek remarks" to make about Skynyrd's success:

"Well, they met me in the men's toilet ... and I asked if I could carry their guitars. Ronnie said yes, he probably figured since I was fat at the time that I would be harmless. Next thing he knew I was in the toilet with his lead guitarist and we've all been hanging around together ever since. The band usually writes when they're drunk, which is most of the time, and I'd like to clear one thing up — they only beat up NORTHERN barmen. The band got together in jail, do you really want to know what they were in jail for?

Well ... attempted murder, armed robbery, shoplifting, obscene phone calls, running over old ladies in trucks..."

"Our sound?," Rudge continued, smiling deliciously, "well, just say that Skynyrd's sound is obscene. But you can't pay any attention to critics, most of the critics from the North are in the bar drunk during the show, or else they're hanging out with Howard Stein trying to get a good table at Elaine's. People say these southern bands are killing themselves? Yeah, just like they said about the Who ten years ago ... Anyway, what is all this about the Southern bands? Skynyrd is an American band, they've got an English manager, a German makeup man, a French chef who travels with them on the road ... what's all this about the South? They just fly National Airlines instead of American so they can get the no-frills service."

****

(The following is a conversation with Ronnie Van Zant, lead Lynyrd Skynyrd singer.)

LR: Do you feel pressured into giving interviews to explain what you do, or do you feel that your music is explanation enough?

RVZ: The music is all we're into, it's all we know. If it wasn't for that we'd have to pick cotton. For about seven years we played clubs and some of the guys delivered flowers in flower trucks, and I worked at an auto place. Finally we just said fuck it, we want to play music or die. And we almost did die for seven years ... until we met up with Mr. Rudge and he saved us. He saved us and made us rich.

LR: Are you rich?

RVZ: Oh yes...

LR: That's refreshingly honest. Most bands claim that they don't ever get to see any of the money, that it's all media exaggeration ... Has your lifestyle changed?

RVZ: Not at all, we still live in the same place. I bought three dogs, though. But I hardly get a chance to see them, cause we've been on the road so much. We spent about thirty or forty days at home last year ... We like being on the road though until we get real tired and then we still like it but we don't play as well as we'd like to. My energy gets drained and my throat gets sore. We had to cancel a gig recently because I was bleeding from the throat. But I think in the past 2 and a half years I've only had to cancel 9 gigs.

LR: What do you mean, not play as well as you'd like to?

RVZ: Well, I guess if the audience is happy we should be happy. But there are a lot of times when we get back into the dressing room after a "successful" gig that we know what we've done wrong. Our music is like a pattern and if one piece falls out we know it. After the show we'll often argue about where that piece of the puzzle went.

LR: When you say argue, do you mean fight?

RVZ: Yesssss...

LR: What about this image you've been getting about being so rough, getting into fights and being tossed in jails all the time?

The Skynyrd's from left to right: Allen Collins, Leon Wilkeson, Gary Rossington, Artemus Pyle, Ronnie Van Zant, Billy Powell.

RVZ: Well, it's the truth. I mean yesterday we had a fight in the group but we have a fight, and then it's over with. I mean we're all brothers, but it's a way of letting off steam, and we love each other and there are no hard feelings about it.

LR: Are you involved in any of the actual business of the group?

RVZ: No, I don't want to know any of that, my whole thing is the music. I put all my trust in Peter Rudge; when he says jump I jump because we were eating peanut butter and jelly until he got a hold of us and he really has developed our career. He is the Number One manager in the world ... he's my man. I've said it before and I'll say it again, I have a Jesus in heaven and on earth but in music I've got Peter Rudge.

LR: How committed are you to your music?

RVZ: I never stay away from music for more than 2 days at a time. Only right now do I feel that I'm beginning to learn how to sing and how to use my voice and how to write. We're looking forward to doing a live lp soon, because we feel we play much better in front of an audience than we do just in the studio. But we're a very moody group. Sometimes we'll be in front of a couple of thousand people and we'll play really top-notch. Sometimes in front of 19,000 or 20,000 people it just doesn't click. You know, you try to do the best you can, but we've never been completely satisfied.

LR: Never?

RVZ: No...

LR: Well, what do you think will happen if you do become satisfied...

RVZ: I think we'll be in trouble.

LR: Do you feel tremendous pressure as the lead singer?

RVZ: Well, I think I'm a very demanding lead singer, I need to be pushed hard and they're a hard pushing band. Sometimes they'll push me too hard with tempos or whatever, and that can be hard on the throat...

LR: Do you relate to any kind of "Southern rock and roll" thing - as a movement, a kinship with other southern bands?

RVZ: Well, I don't feel a part of that. I mean I am from the South and I love everyone down there, am friends with everyone down there but I get tired of picking up a piece of paper and seeing Southern this, and southern that ... when there are so many great groups from Boston, or California. We just want to be recognized as a group, take it or leave it.

LR: What *was* all that about doing benefits for Wallace? Are you political?

RVZ: We received a plaque from Governor Wallace to become a Lieutenant Colonel in the state militia, which is a bullshit gimmick thing. My father supports Wallace but that don't mean I have to. I think he's a gentleman and has a lot of nerve.

LR: Do you mean nerve, or balls...

RVZ: Balls. And I admire that. He's got a lot of guts to go back out there after what happened to him. Anyway, all these people have been saying that we're going to go out on a campaign for him, and that's a lie. We're not into politics, we don't have no education and Wallace don't know anything about rock and roll. We have very little in common, and besides that, I disagree with a lot of his views. I've heard him talk and wanted to ask him about his views on blacks and why he has such poor education and such a low school rate there, such a low housing rate ... I wouldn't say anything bad about him in Alabama, but I'm not from Alabama, we're from Florida. And we wrote "Sweet Home Alabama" as a joke except for the last verse - about the swampers who taught us how to play music. But it broke nationwide and we've been sort of branded with it. As far as the confederate flag is concerned, we've been carrying that wiith us for a long time before we did anything, it's just part of us. We're from the South, but we're not bigots.

LR: Do you feel that you haven't been able to get as close to your fans as you might like, since you've become more successful?

RVZ: Yeah ... we try to, but lately they've been keeping us away from them. We always have time to shake hands and things like that ... and say thank you. Because if it wasn't for them, we'd be nowhere.□

RICK DERRINGER:
Producing Rock And Roll Music

by Richard Robinson

Now he's moved on to Derringer...

Rick Derringer poured himself a cup of coffee, then walked over to his dining room table. He pulled out a chair and sat down, eyeing me as he sipped his coffee and I set-up my cassette machine and adjusted the microphone. I pushed the record button. The telephone began to ring. Elizabeth Derringer appeared from the living room and answered it. "It's for you, Rick," she said, holding the phone out towards him.

He nodded and excused himself. I put a hold on my audio arrangements and lit a cigarette. It's fun to visit rock and roll stars at home, to get an idea of what their private lives are about. In Rick and Elizabeth's case, 'home' is a charming brownstone house on the lower West Side of New York City. It belonged to the Teddy Roosevelt family and has a wonderful Victorian atmosphere.

Pure Henry James: gold framed mirrors, reaching from floor to ceiling, intricately carved black walnut mantle pieces surround the fire places in each room, wide polished floor boards ... the glories of a New York that has long since passed into the history books. In the midst of this splendour, Rick and Elizabeth have made themselves at home. Gold records sit on the mantles, stereo systems are set against the walls, and a guitar or two can be seen in the distance.

Rick returns from his phone call. I open my mouth to ask the first question and the door bell rings. Rick and I both laugh. In comes photographer Bob Gruen. Bob sets down his camera case and begins to unpack. "Before we start talking, let's go to your music room," I say.

"Sure," Rick replies and leads the way out the back door of the house. Bob follows us with his cameras.

The 'music room' is actually a small

building, set behind the house at the far end of a little court yard. Rick explains how nice it is to have this set-up. The music building isn't connected to the house and is flanked by a restaurant on one side and a storehouse of some sort on the other. The result: no matter what the hour there are no complaints about the noise.

The building is a musician's dream house. In it Rick has built a rehearsal hall and practice room that is both comfortable and functional. ("I eventually want to put a board in here and mix at home," he confides to me, adding with a laugh that it'll only cost $50,000 to install his fantasy mixing console.) At one end of the oblong room is a grand piano.

In the middle of the room is an over stuffed leather sofa which faces a full complement of electronic equipment set on shelves at the far end of the room: tape recorders, speaker systems, amplifiers, equalizers, and the like. Rick takes one of his guitars out of its case and plugs in. Turning on his FM stereo receiver, he begins to play along with a Joan Baez song. Bob Gruen's flash camera starts going off and soon we're in the midst of the photo session.

Rick playing guitar / playing piano / adjusting his electronic equipment / relaxing on the couch. Bob runs back to the main house for more film. Rick stops playing and points to a neon sign in the shape of a palm tree that's sitting in one corner. "Isn't that great?" he asks. It certainly is, I answer, does it light up? "Well, yes, but every time I turn it on it starts to smoke, guess I'm gonna have to have it fixed." Bob returns and the photos continue to snap.

"Let's go back into the house and talk," I suggest after I get a nod from Bob that he's used up a couple more rolls of film. Rick agrees and we go back into the dining room and sit ourselves down again. Elizabeth comes over and refills Rick's coffee cup while Bob pulls up a chair at the far end of the table and prepares to shoot some candids. I turn on my cassette machine and begin in earnest to talk to Rick Derringer, musician and producer.

How do you feel, I ask, about being considered both a producer and a musician ... when did you first become aware that you were as successful a producer as you had been a musician?

Rick has listened to my question carefully. He pauses for a second and then answers. "Let's see, when I was doing the Johnny Winter albums — when I was co-producing with Johnny and doing his studio and then his live album — that was the point when I first realized that alot more people were seeing my name as co-producer on those records than maybe had ever seen my name in any spot previously.

So it made me conscious for the first time that, since it said 'producer', there were certain connotations that people placed with that title and they were things that I hadn't necessarily been thinking of myself. It became clear for the first time about that period that I wasn't just a producer by accident, because this title

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was on the record people were also saying, 'Hey look he's responsible for the way that thing sounds.' So that was when I started learning how, sort of. That was when I decided, 'Well, I better learn how to be a producer if I'm supposed to be one'."

Rick smiled at the thought of those early days when he was initiated into the world of producing records. Did he like it at first or did it grow on him slowly, I asked. "What happened was I was kind of working as Johnny's tool, I guess that's the best way to put it, when we were doing those records, when I was co-producing with Johnny.

And I'd gotten some experience when we made the two McCoys records on Mercury. So what had happened was, when I was working with Johnny, I was more or less making the record that Johnny wanted to make and I was just kinda the guy that knew the tools in the studio and knew how to communicate with the engineer, but the product was really Johnny's more than mine."

By the time he got to Edgar Winter and his first two hit single productions — "Frankenstein" and "Free Ride" — did he feel that his position as just being a 'helper' had changed? "What happened was when I was doing the stuff where I was actually kind of following orders, because those orders weren't always what I would like to do I feel that sometimes I kind of developed some bad habits and that was the first thing that I really realized I had to do when I started working on that 'White Trash' album.

I just had gotten into a lot of bad habits, from doing the two albums with Johnny. Things that I wouldn't necessarily have done myself and I had to first go through breaking a lot of habits that ... were very hard to break ... So that was the first thing I was doing, I was just trying to break bad habits and trying to, again, be my own producer."

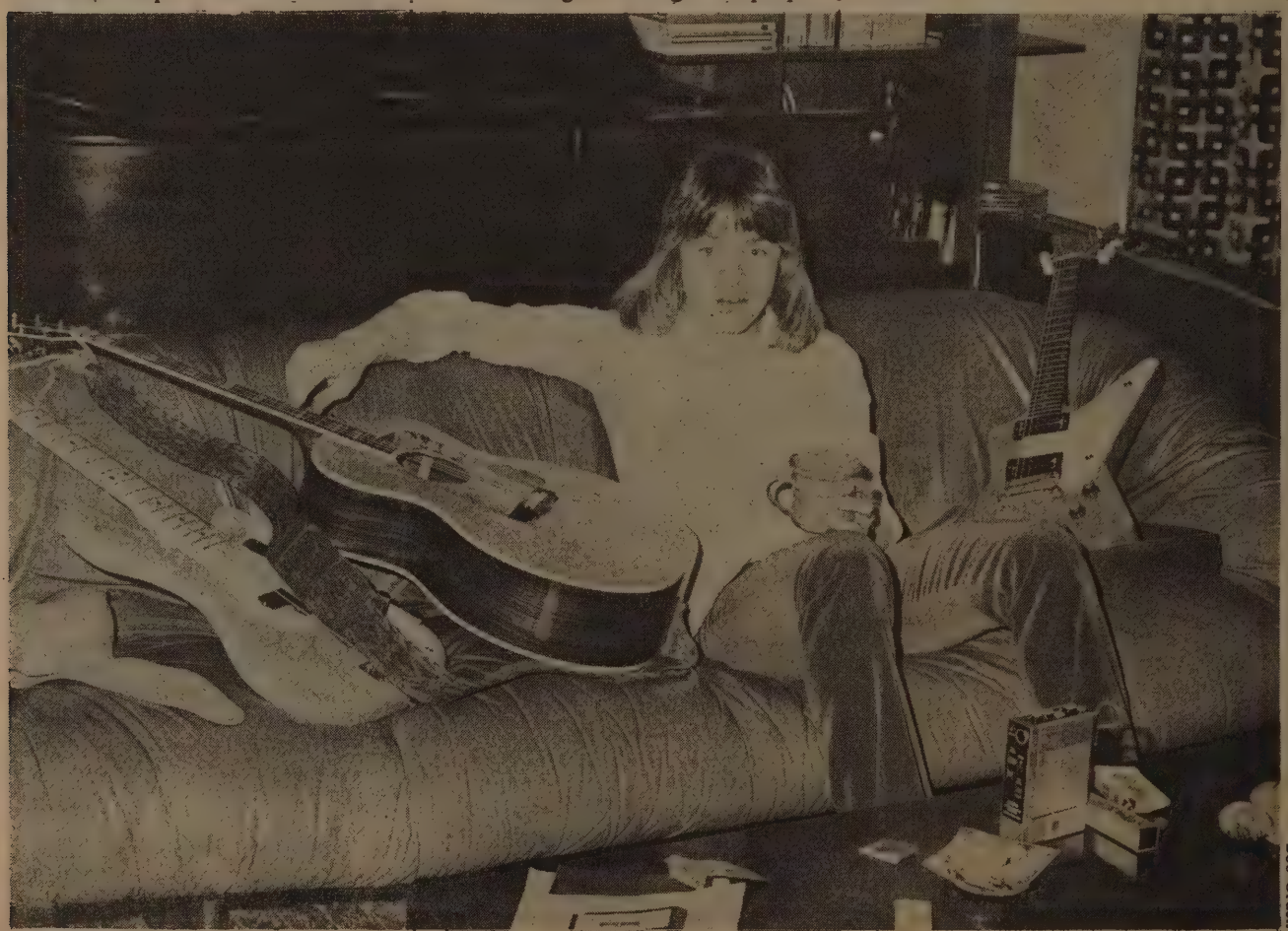
I asked Rick if he was surprised when "Frankenstein" went on the charts and headed for number one? "Yeah," he said with a smile, "I was pretty surprised, I never expected it to be a hit single." Expectations aside, that's just what it was and one of the gold records that sits on the mantel in Rick's living room is for his exceptional production job on Edgar Winter's "Frankenstein" single.

Rick had finished his coffee and I could see that the afternoon was beginning to fade through the windows that faced the dining room table. I told Rick I had one more question ... I wanted to know how his production talents had developed out of Edgar and Johnny Winter albums to working on his own album. "Originally I'd decided that it might not be a wise thing for me to try to produce it (his own first solo album) because I can't be as objective when I'm in the recording studio as I'm able to be in the control room only.

So I thought of using other people to produce it." This idea had been much talked about in rock circles at the time — Rick was planning to get a dozen of the top record producers in the world, each to produce one cut of the album. But, as Rick explains, the plan was shelved. "Eventually that whole idea got scrapped ... mainly for a time reason," Rick explained.

"It was taking too long to get the album done, so I finally decided to go ahead and do it myself even though I might not have trusted myself as much. So that was why I worked with someone I liked working with and who it was easy to work with more than anything else and that's Bill (Bill Szymczyk who was co-producer and co-engineer on the sessions). So Bill and I made that record pretty quickly without really a lot of consideration about whether or not we were making the right move and all that stuff, we just wanted to get it made."

And that's just what they did. Once again Rick Derringer proved that he is as much a producer as he is a musician ... with his solo album carrying both credits for him up the charts. I thanked Rick for his hospitality and, after Bob Gruen had repacked his cameras, we left him to head up town. In the car Bob and I both agreed that Rick certainly is one of the most talented musicians around today, with that enviable talent of being able to combine the commercial with the sophisticated into really fine rock and roll music. □



Bob Gruen

Rick and quitars in his music room.

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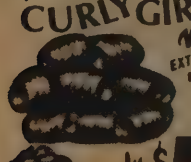

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Top left - Ann-Margret was one of the "real" Hollywood actresses that made *Tommy* more than just a rock movie.
Top right - Rog as Tom.
Bottom - To the altar of rock with Eric and Pete.

(continued on page 74)

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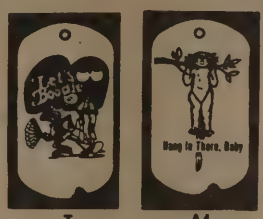

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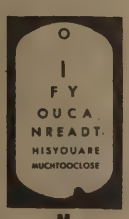

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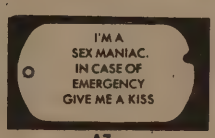

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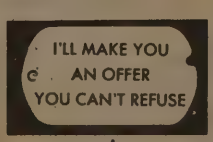

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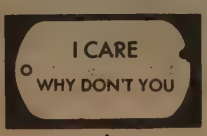

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Top left - Oliver Reed
Top right - But probably the biggest surprise in the rock world was how quickly Roger Daltry was accepted by Hollywood.
Center left - Elton John
Bottom left - Tina Turner
Bottom right - Keith Moon had always been the most outrageous Who in concert, but suddenly Roger was getting the limelight.

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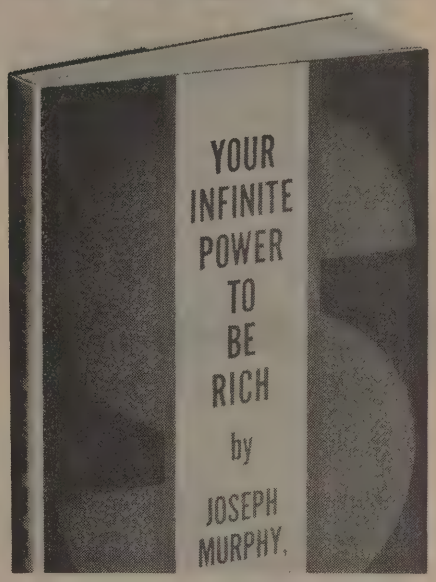

Yes, says Dr. Murphy, his revolutionary book is for those who want results, NOT in a year, NOT in a month— NOT in a week—BUT IMMEDIATELY!

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Can you explain—

1. how numerous people make use of a certain formula for paying bills with marvelous results (p. 37)
2. how a poverty-stricken couple received $10,000 "out of the blue in response to their request (p. 25)
3. how a man was able to triple his income in three months with a certain 28-word prayer that takes only ten seconds to repeat (p. 98)
4. how a boy ten years of age constantly receives gifts of money wherever he goes (p. 7)
5. how L.T. used a one sentence prayer to rise from a job as an office boy to the owner of a 50 million dollar company (p. 178)

. . . or explain any one of the scores of wonderful things that happened to people who used Dr. Murphy's prayer techniques!

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The Bible says, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." (John 10:10.)

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Based on this Biblical message, Dr. Murphy goes on to state that—"By learning the laws of mind (as described in this book), you can extract from that infinite storehouse . . . everything you need in order to live gloriously, joyously and abundantly."

"In plain and simple language this means that all of us have within our reach an infinite power to be rich—that the all-prevailing great Power actually wants us to be rich and live a happy, satisfying life—and that if we ask for what we want in a certain prescribed way—it will be granted IMMEDIATELY!"

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• On page 24 you'll read about a woman who achieved amazing results almost immediately! She was out of work, with three children to support and bills piling up rapidly. No sooner did she affirm one single phrase given to her by Dr. Murphy, then a relative whom she had not even seen for fifteen years suddenly showed up and gave her $5,000 cash as well as other gifts!

• On page 39 you'll read about the salesman who came to Dr. Murphy and asked him "how can I make $50,000 a year? I am married and have four children and I barely make ends meet. My wife has to work in order for us to break even." After instructing him in the techniques to use, Dr. Murphy received a letter from the salesman reporting that his commissions and salary for the past year had exceeded $50,000!

• On page 36 you'll read the true story of a young boy who wanted to go to college, and his poor father who just didn't have enough money to send him. They came to Dr. Murphy with the problem and he gave them a beautiful and effective prayer to affirm each day. Soon, almost miraculously, the father won a large sum of money from a lucky lottery ticket—and his son is now at the university of his choice, happily studying to become an engineer!

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On page 25 is a perfect example of what this joy is like: It's the amazing true story of an elderly woman to whom Dr. Murphy had given a special prayer. Up until he did, she and her husband were receiving a very small monthly pension and could barely make ends meet. You'll see how she was soon able to exclaim in joy "it was a miracle," when, after affirming the prayer for two weeks—she was given $10,000 "out of the blue!"

Dr. Murphy's exciting new book cites cases like these by the dozen—offering proof after proof that he has truly discovered HOW TO PRAY AND GROW RICH! But you must see for yourself that this is absolutely true! You *will* believe it and know it will work for you once you actually experience the thrill of having your prayers turn into reality and *come true!* Order your no-risk copy now!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

For over a quarter of a century Dr. Murphy has been teaching, writing, counseling, and lecturing to thousands of people all over the world on the scientific approach to prayer. His popular classes on the hidden meaning of the Bible and the laws of mind given frequently in Los Angeles are attended by eight-hundred to a thousand students at each class.

Dr. Murphy, D.D., Ph.D., LL.D., speaks each Sunday morning to overflow audiences that make up one of the largest non-denominational audiences in the world.

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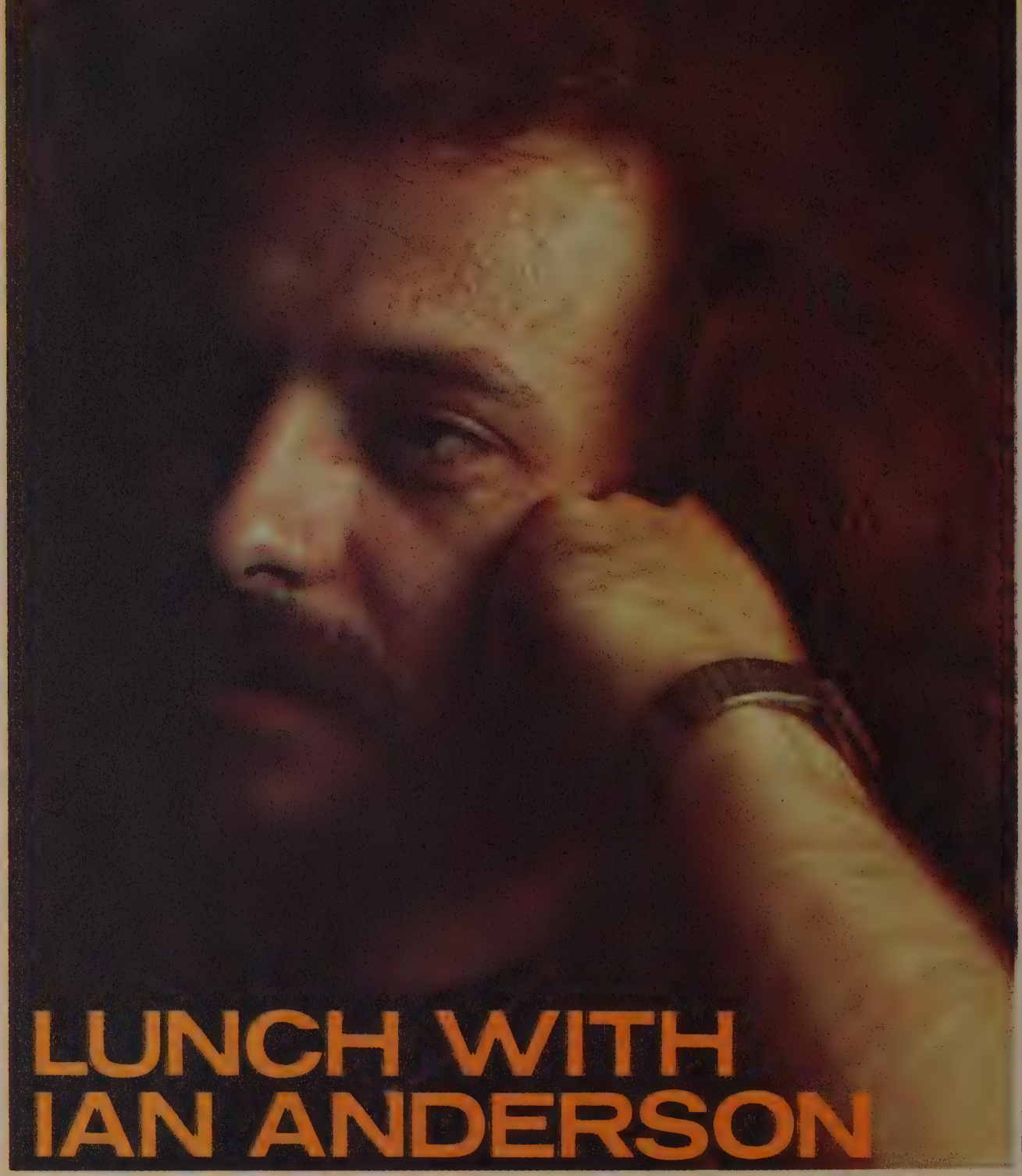

LUNCH WITH IAN ANDERSON

Neal Preston

"...let me see if I can get myself arrested..."

It was more of a social lunch than an interview, as Ian Anderson had only planned to only do radio interviews the week "Minstrel in the Gallery" was released. But we chatted over clams casino and shrimp cocktail at New York's Rumpelmayer's Restaurant: "I was supposed to do a radio interview yesterday," Ian told me, "but they said they were too busy with the Patty Hearst news. So I said, 'well, let me see if I can get myself arrested and then call you back...' "

We talked of the media and the United States: "Listen," he laughed, "some advertising agency is right now trying to think of a way to get Patty Hearst to do a vaginal spray deodorant ad, I'd bet on it. Things are much more subtle in England. There's a Benson and Hedges ad that is really a sendup ... very funny, and clever. Here everything is taken so *seriously.*"

Moving on to the subject of the Bay City Rollers who were about to descend on America, Ian said, "well - they're almost as old as I am, aren't they?? But not as old as Jagger," he added with a twinkle in his eye ... "Actually, he amazes me. I saw him backstage at Madison Square Garden when he came to shake my hand, and he looked like some twenty-two year old fan."

"The thing with the Rollers is that they were put together without any concern as to whether or not they could play, and they're under such pressure to be popstars for that audience, they'll never be able to develop musically. To be trapped in that sort of phenomenon thing, it's impossible to grow, and it's sort of sad. It's like hosting some kiddie's show every morning and then having to go out and get drunk in the afternoon ... or having a th-

ing with an African queen...

Ian had quite a few thoughts on the press; claiming that the English press in particular was unfair, trapping stars it used to support into boldface type arguments. When I mentioned that perhaps he took it too seriously, adding that Jagger always said it didn't matter what they said about you on page 96, as long as your picture is on the front page, Ian retorted, "But it does matter what they say on page 96. It matters very much. And he's wrong, Jagger, if he thinks otherwise. Because every time they put his picture on the front page they're exploiting him ... they're using him. I'm very interested in Jagger and what he thinks, because when I was still in short pants I remember Mick Jagger. I wonder what he thinks his position is in this business ... in music, and how he must have to re-think what he will do musically and onstage in the next few years. Because he won't have the stamina when he's fifty to leap around the way he does."

"But as far as people talking about aging rock stars" Ian continued, "they shouldn't ask Jagger, or Peter Townshend, or me about that. They should ask Frank Sinatra — because he's the one who can't stop. He really is too old for that kind of performing, yet he has to do it. Get out there every single night ... even when he knows he's bad, and he knows it more than anyone else when he has a bad night or if he's short of breath. His audience probably knows it too, but that's not what matters. He's retired twice .. but there's really nothing else to do. You just can't sit around in your hotel room. I'd bet anything that Jagger will still be performing when he's fifty, and I'm sure I will too. Most people in rock and roll don't have that many other options .... anyway.."

"With Jethro Tull we've tried to explore other musical forms, be more innovative and experimental. But groups like the Stones or Zeppelin, who have locked themselves into musical straitjackets ... well, I wonder what they'll be doing twenty years from now. And even though I wouldn't want to be making that kind of music, they are two of my favorites for that kind of musical thing. No matter how much Zeppelin says they do diverse forms, I know that I want, and I'm sure their audience wants, to hear them do heavy riffs."

"Even Elton has attempted to appeal to a broader audience, so he's not locked into one particular thing."

Jethro Tull did a short tour this autumn to catch cities they missed the last time around; but Ian promised they'd be back in the summer for some large, festival type shows, "as well as some smaller - 2000 seat halls. I've heard all about this Bicentennial thing," Ian said, "but I really don't see what that has to do with rock and roll groups - aside from it being a good money making gimmick. All it means to me is that there'll be more firecrackers at the concerts and lots more of those frisbees with stars and stripes all over them..."□Lisa Robinson

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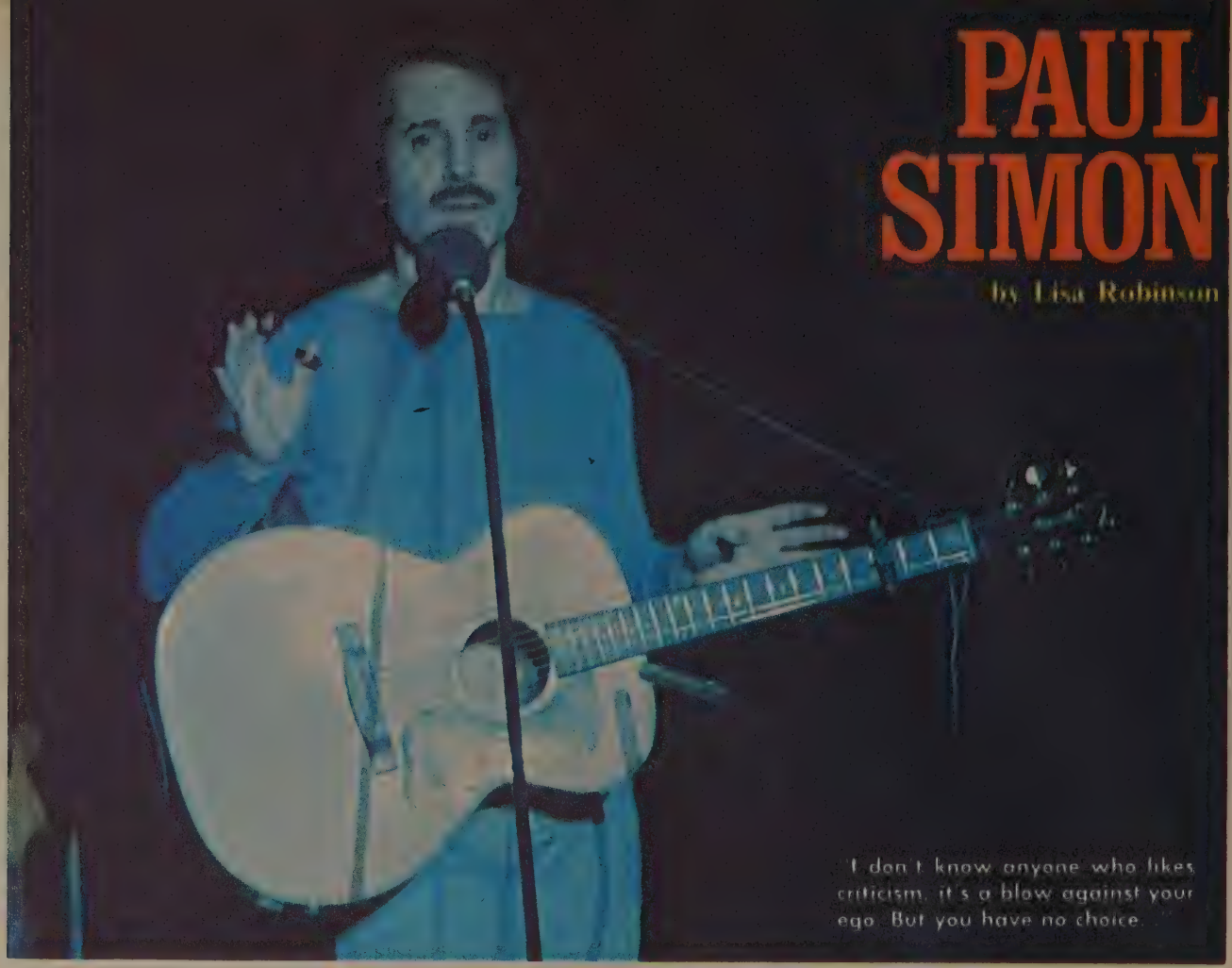
PAUL SIMON

by Lisa Robinson



Gold albums and Grammy Awards literally line he walls and the mantlepiece of Paul Simon's New York business office. Photos of the artiste are everywhere, the one incongruous exception is a full-length color poster of Keith Richard that is tacked up alongside pix of Paul on a secretary's bulletin board. Although he is in the midst of a national sellout tour, Simon only performs on weekends ... thus, his time is free during the week for .... well, right now he's in the midst of what sounds like An Important Business Meeting, maybe even a crisis of some sort. Nonetheless, Paul is in quite a good mood, and as we sit down to talk, there is evident none of the angst, none of the despair, that so many critics have interpreted as Paul Simon's forte. If anything, I actually have always found the man to be quite funny, not totally unlike a very bright, very witty ... well, kind of Mel Brooks sense of humour. But maybe you have to be from New York...

(Of course Simon isn't completely detached from sensitivity; as we sat down to speak he brought up a particularly annoying review of his album ... I was tounded that this would bother him:)

Paul: Any criticism, whether it's false or not, if it's in print-you can't answer it. And it's there, it's embarrassing. It would take somebody alot more fortified than I am to be able to ignore criticism.

LR: Even after all this time? Well ... (laughs) I guess you haven't had all that much.

Paul: First of all, I am spoiled, because I don't get too much criticism. I don't know anyone who likes criticism, it's a blow against your ego. But you have no choice ... if you're an artist, or a performer, somewhere along the line you're going to get criticism. Constructive criticism I wouldn't mind so much.

LR: What would you consider constructive criticism?

Paul: I've seen stuff about me where I've felt, well ... I wish he hadn't said that, I wish he had said I was the greatest thing since ... Christ, you know. But ... maybe it's true. There was one review, a very kind review, where the guy said he wished that I had the voice to match my other talents. And I thought well, that's true ... I really don't have a great voice. It's a serviceable voice, it's okay, but in my opinion it's not as good as my songwriting abilities or my record producing abilities. I don't think of myself as an extraordinary singer.

LR: Do you think there are other people who can sing your songs better than you can?

Paul: There are people who could sing some of my songs better than I can. Alot of the songs I sing, I sing a certain way because that's the only way I can handle the song. But that's not the only way it can be sung. "Bridge Over Troubled Waters" is easier for Aretha to sing than it is for me. That's one of the reasons Artie sings it, because he at least can come up with a unique way of doing it. Even his ... it's sort of an old approach to take, because it's really gospel. He did a white, soulful job. "Mother and Child Reunion", "Gone At Last", - those aren't songs that are the best for me to sing. I write alot of different style songs, and generally I would say that my strength does not lie with hard, up-tempo stuff, or really big ballads. I sing them, but my strength lies with a kind of light phrasing ... half spoken, odd phrasing things. "Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover" - there's not too many people who sing in that style. I'm comfortable with that, and I'm good at that. But there are probably other people who could sing "Still Crazy" better than I could on the album. That's not to say I sang it badly...

LR: Of course you bring something personal to the songs....

Paul: Yes, but others would bring something else. With me I bring me to the song, and because I've been around now for a sufficient number of years for me to have a persona ... a personality that people know, that gets reflected in the songs and so people bring something to my performance. They bring their past knowledge of who I am and where I come from. That's a great advantage for an artist to have, pre-conceptions, because I can use that.

 All Photos by Maureen Donaldson

He says he's a better songwriter than a singer.

LR: Do you have younger fans coming to see your shows on this tour, or do you sense that they're mostly the ones who have grown up with you?
Paul: It seems to me that most of the people at my concerts are young, there are alot of people who fit into the early twenties category ... And they seem to be familiar with all the stuff I've done, which means that they were eight or nine years old when Simon and Garfunkel was happening.
LR: I remember you saying that you felt it was embarrassing to be performing, that this might be the last time.
Paul: Well, it's changed a little bit. Before I perform I go through my own peculiar brand of anxiety, and one of the manifestations of that is being embarrassed that I'm going out to perform. When I perform and I get audience reaction that is good, I feel good. Just like when I read criticism that's bad, I feel bad. Your ego is exposed — if you get a pat on the back you feel okay, if you get a slap in the face you feel bad. I don't know whether this is the last time I'm going to perform, but I will say this — I am not completely comfortable performing.

I don't mean I'm not comfortable on the stage, because I dissipate my anxiety before the concert. I have anxiety dreams — about a month before performing, but because I dissipate that anxiety, I feel zero nerves when I go onstage. Nothing. I don't feel any different going onstage than I do sitting here right now, I have no nervousness whatsoever. I feel completely comfortable standing on the stage; what I feel *comfortable* with is the role of the performer. I re-create old songs out of necessity, which you have to do.

Because I know if *I'm* in the audience, to see someone who's really well known, or has been around a long time, ... if John Lennon is onstage I *want* to see him sing "Strawberry Fields Forever", and he may be sick of it, he may not be, I don't know — but if he's like me, if he feels the way I do about "Sounds of Silence" - he'd be perfectly content never to sing "Strawberry Fields Forever" again. But I want to see that. And I know that people want to see me sing "Homeward Bound", so I sing that. But - because I don't primarily think of myself as an *entertainer,* it makes me feel a little awkard to sing "Homeward Bound", it's not something I go around humming to myself ... it's not on my mind, other than it has this place in my past. I sort of do a review of my career when I'm onstage, editing out any egregious errors that I wish to wipe out of history...
LR: Like what?
Paul: Well, there are certain songs that were big hits that I don't like. Like "I Am A Rock", I don't sing that. I was very young when I wrote it, and it seems like a very young song. "The Dangling Conversation", I couldn't sing that now, it would seem silly to me. "Homeward Bound" — I think that's kind of a nice one, so I can sing it. "Mrs. Robinson", I can sing that ... but it didn't drive you as crazy as it did ... but it didn't drive you as crasy as it did Annie Bancroft, I can tell you that. So that's why I feel a little uncomfortable on the stage. I feel a little silly, performing, entertaining people in that way. It embarrasses me a little bit.
LR: Even though you can go out and "sell" well, is it difficult for you to make the transition from the creation of your art to the marketing of it?
Paul: Well, that's part of it, it is selling, that's a reality. In my case I spend a lot of time and alot of thought on a record and I put alot of myself into it. When that record is out I want everybody to hear that record, and I want everybody to buy that record, you know? Not so much for the money which I really don't need, but because I want everybody to love that record because I put alot of work into it. So when I go on the road - and I usually do it at the time of an album - I do it because I want to call attention to the fact that I just finished this record.
LR: But you don't feel that you need the approval, the feedback of a live audience in order to continue to create..?
Paul: No. It's pleasant, but I don't need the approval of a live audience to do my work...
LR: You're essentially not a performer. there's not that drive there....
Paul: I definitely do not have an urge that I have to entertain. There are some acts who basically entertain, perform. Mick Jagger is basically a performer; something about performing that he does with such skill and enjoyment, it does something else to him than it does to me. I feel that when I write a song, I feel that when I make a record, but I don't feel that when I'm performing. I'm not saying I don't *enjoy* performing, what I mean is that I don't have an emotional need to stand on

a stage and get a standing ovation. I don't need people to love me in that way.

LR: Do you feel that you have more control of a performing situation by choosing to play in smaller halls?

Paul: Definitely. Playing in halls that are acoustically sound. I did play Nassau Coliseum the last time I toured, I kept moving up the level of seating capacity on the last tour to find at what point I didn't like it. I wanted to see how big a hall I could play in and still be able to reach out, be part of the hall ... feel I was filling it up with the music. That show was different than this show, but I discovered that 7,000 or 8,000 people was the most that I felt comfortable with. After that it fell into another category. That was clearly uncomfortable for me.

LR: How is this show different than the last one?

Paul: There are more musicians. I use just about all of the ones who played on the album, I have Jessy and the group, I have a string quartet ... me, the sound men, lighting man, alot of people. But it's fun. When you get to play you can do everything you want to do. You can't possibly make any money, but that's okay with me. It was even okay with me if I lost money, but I figure that I'll break about even. Economy really hadn't played any part of this thing - at first I figured it would lose about a thousand dollars a night in order to take everyone with me I wanted to, but it turns out we're not, so that's fine ... that's okay with me too.

LR: How did you react to the obvious media gimmick of reviewing yours and Art Garfunkel's albums together?

Paul: Well, I think it's been unfortunate for Artie that they reviewed the albums together. It's not really fair to compare what we do. Anymore. I don't think, even with us recording the song together, that people think Simon and Garfunkel are going to join up again ... which we're not of course. I think people realized that we're separate, but that we just joined up for that song. It's inevitable that people would compare the albums I suppose, they were released together, and we share the song, so editors would do that. But really - they're two very different species.

LR: What about the way Columbia marketed them, with ads side by side...

Paul: I was very concerned that Columbia wouldn't really imply that Simon and Garfunkel were getting back together, or that it was a reunion. As far as I could control what they did, I stopped that. Alot of advertising has to do with stores, you know ... Korvettes, or Goody's, and I can't stop them from running ads in papers that say, 'Simon ... and Garfunkel'. That happens.

LR: You say that publicity hurt Art, but don't you think that commercially it's helped him?

Paul: He has a hit record on that album, it was Number One in England, and it's pretty good here too. I don't think it hurt either one of us that we had a track together. I don't know that it helped him any more than it helped me. I know that his album is selling pretty ell. I know that working with him was ... pretty easy, after the initial tension of getting back. I volunteered that song to him, I said 'you can have that song for your album because you're singing so many sweet songs that it's driving me crazy. So I'm going to write a really nasty song and that's my present for your album.' I gave him that song for his album, and when I was teaching it to him he said 'why don't you sing on it?', and I aid sure. Then he said, well, if we sing on it together, they'll think it's that Simon and Garfunkel thing, it's not fair to put it on one album, let's put it on both. I said sure, okay ... so that's why they released the albums at the same time. Because it wouldn't have been fair to give one a head start on it.

LR: Even with all your success, do you still feel a sense of competition with him?

Paul: Well, you know, my relationship with him goes way back, it's really a long and complicated relationship ... so, I *shouldn't* feel any sense of competition, but actually — there are traces. It still lingers. It might be more aggravating for him, because I've had greater success. I think, realistically speaking, that it was always a strain for him that I wrote the material. That's difficult - you know, to read, or have people always asking you - 'well, what do *you* do?' Just like if people would say to me, well 'how come you're not doing movies?' So, because we know each other so long, there is somewhat a sense of competition.

It's not a major thing, but I wouldn't be telling the truth if I didn't say that there was some sense of competition. I watch to see how his records are doing, I don't watch anybody else's ... or I ask him how he's doing. I don't wish him to fail, I wish him to succeed ... I just don't wish him to succeed *greatly* more than me, you know? And I'm sure he feels the same way. Ideally, we would be satisfied if we were both tied at Number One. But neither of us is going to get to Number One anymore, that's for John Denver and Elton John. That's what number one is now. But I don't care about that.

LR: As far as your lyrics are concerned, I was amazed to read all the analytical stuff about how miserable you are in reviews ... I don't think some of them get the point.

Paul: Boy, are they off, way way off. It's misinterpreted. I am not miserable, I am not in despair, I am not disillusioned. It's an overreaction to what I do. I'm not saying everything's great - you'd have to be a fool to say that. I mean take a look around, the reality of everything. It's apparent - to me anyway, that's what I'm writing about - the reality of everything. I don't feel that things are worse for me than anyone else, as a matter of fact I know for a fact that they're better for me ... I don't feel in ddespair. I was surprised that people worte that. I think people tend to misunderstand, that there's this thing that hangs over with me from the past about that. I thought it was an exaggeration then too ... alot of people take me seriously when I'm not being serious at all. They take everything I do as serious...

LR: Possibly because people are aware of the changes in your personal life this year...

Paul: Well, I wrote about that to a certain degree, but I'm not the only guy in the world who ever got a divorce, you know? And even that - it was relatively pleasant as far as they go, if that can be considered pleasant, there was no bitterness. I think the title of the album leads people to think that. I mean the title, the lyrics, they're alot of things, but it's not all angst.

LR: Do you have plans to write a film soundtrack? Some Broadway play?

Paul: I don't know where all that came from ... I read I was rushing back to some Broadway project ... No, nothing immediately.

LR: Were you happy with the way your music was used in "Shampoo"?

Paul: For the small amount of time that my music was on the screen in "Shampoo" it's hard to comment on it. Altogether it was about three minutes ... The song I originally did for "Shampoo" was "Have a Good Time", that was the one they originally wanted, then they changed their minds. I'll say this, there was alot of talk in the press about what I got paid for it. They reported a salary of fifty thousand dollars, and I never got paid anything. Never got paid for "Shampoo", I'll just leave it at that.

LR: You always perform in England...

Paul: Well, I lived there, I always tour there ... I like it.

LR: In addition to yourself, - Dylan and Springsteen, for example - insist now on playing in smaller halls ... clubs, whatever. Actually, Dylan isn't playing in such small halls, but Bruce plays in clubs every now and then - do you ever feel you want to do that?

Paul: You know Dylan came out of clubs, so he has a fondness for that. But I didn't, and I don't like them really - they're always too loud. The only time I worked in clubs was in England. Simon and Garfunkel's success almost from the beginning was colleges to concert halls, never clubs. I don't like them, the decibel level is uncomfortable...

LR: Do you go and see other musicians perform alot?

Paul: I went to see Springsteen, and loved him. I saw him at the Bottom Line, I thought he was great, very exciting. But it was too loud. I saw the Rolling Stones at Madison Square Garden for about fifteen minutes ... I don't know, I had seen them before. I mean I wouldn't go back and see *me* twice...why should I go back to see the Stones. Once you see it, you see it. He was wearing green pajamas ... I don't know, it's a form of entertainment ... I'm embarrassed wearing jeans and a t-shirt.

LR: Is that what you're wearing this time? No Tommy Nutter?

Paul: No Tommy Nutter this time, back to jeans and a t-shirt. Last time I did that because I tried to do everything different, so people would stop comparing me to Simon and Garfunkel. Which they never did anyway. Only times does that.□

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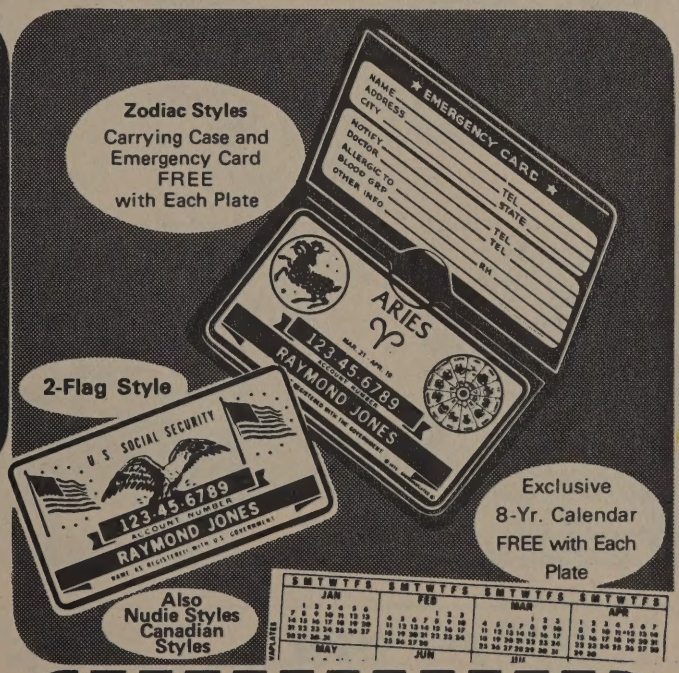

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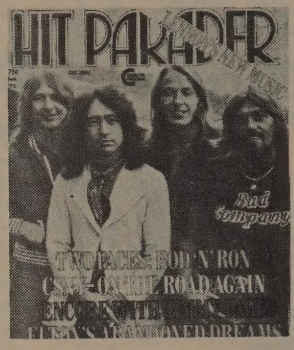

FEB. '75

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Rod Stewart
Elton John
Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young
Ron Wood

"Whatever Gets You Thru The Night"
"The Bitch Is Back"
"Eighteen"
"My Melody Of Love"
"When Will I See You Again"
"Sha-La-La (Make Me Happy)"

MAR. '75

MAR. '75

John Lennon
Pink Floyd
Mick Jagger
Alice Cooper
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"Nobody"
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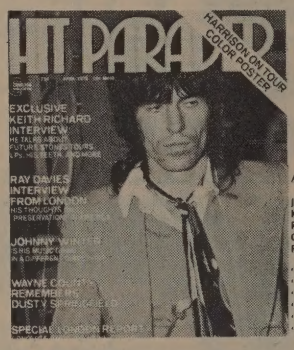

APRIL '75

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Keith Richards
Raymond Douglas Davies
George Harrison
Fripp & Eno

"Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds"
"Ain't Too Proud To Beg"
"Cat's In The Cradle"
"Junior's Farm"
"The Best Of My Love"
"Mandy"

JUNE '75

JUNE '75

Jim Dandy
David Essex
Pete Townshend
Led Zeppelin
Velvet Underground

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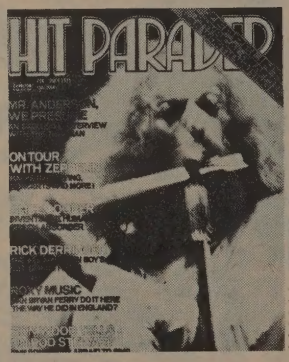
"Sally G."
"No No Song"
"Remember What I Told You To Forget"
"99 Dream"
"Lady Marmalade"



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